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THE
IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD,
OR
WORDS TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

BY
LIZZIE R. TORREY.

1

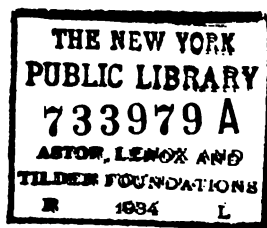
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"Entwine, with myrtle chains, your soft control,
To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind!
With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom's soul,
And mould, to grace ethereal, Virtue's mind."
Campbell.

BOSTON:
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1853.

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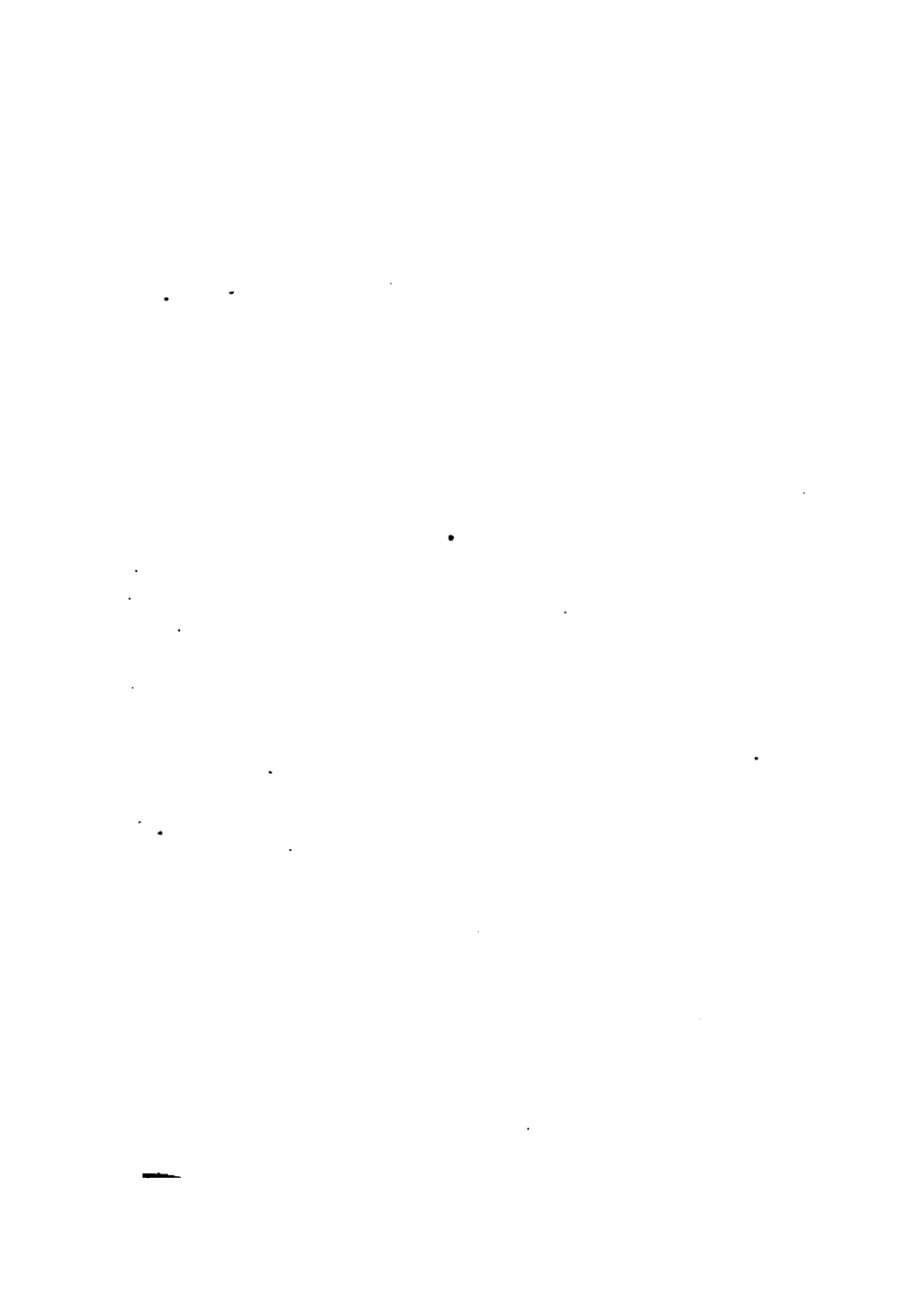
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DEDICATION.

To the MOTHERS, WIVES and DAUGHTERS of the United States, is this work respectfully and affectionately dedicated, by the undersigned, in the earnest hope that with all its imperfections, in design or execution, it may arouse some of her sex, to a sense of their true dignity, and the sublime and noble destiny they have it in their power to achieve.

LIZZIE R. TORREY.

Quincy, Mass.



P R E F A C E

The writer of the following pages, does not presume that she has produced anything particularly new or striking. She only knows that she has expressed the thoughts which have stirred her own heart, and feels, that, whether her book is read or not, she has discharged her duty, in giving utterance to the word which has burned in her heart.

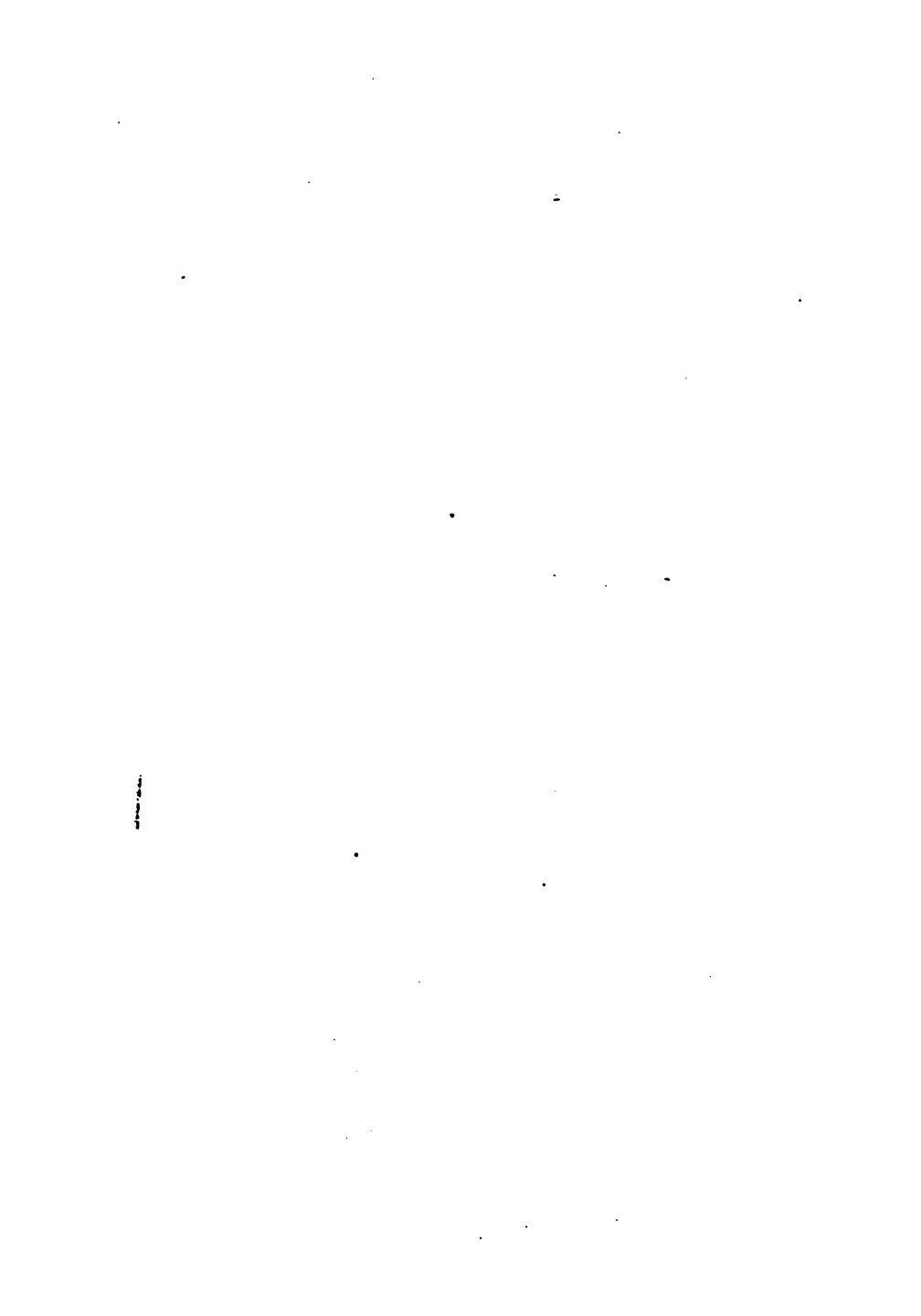
As to the rest, she can only say the book has been written in the spirit of candor and love, and all she asks, is, that it may be read in the same spirit.



THE REIGN OF WOMAN.

'Tis woman's part to quell the storms, which roll,
In gloomy grandeur through man's sterner breast,
And soothe with loving words, his restless soul,
And give his laboring heart, a sweeter rest.
Praise, praise to woman, who, by all the powers,
Of gentle Love and Truth, will one day reign,
The Queen of Life, and crown with fairest flowers
Life's sacred Temple. O 'tis not in vain,
Her life of labor, suffering and love!
As 'neath the Moon, the ocean goes and comes,
So she, the tides of human life, doth move,
And fill with light and joy our earthly homes.

L. R. T.



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THE IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

CHAPTER I

THE IDEAL.

By the Ideal we understand the highest and best thought an intelligent being can entertain in regard to any question whatever. We speak of man's mission, of woman's mission, of the various spheres of human activity, the great works of art, the achievements of science and the masterpieces of literature; but whatever these may be, however excellent or perfect, the mind is not entirely satisfied with them, but rises by a natural impulsion far above them, and pictures to itself an excellence, a perfection, a beauty higher, nobler, and diviner than what stands embodied before it. This transcendent excellence is the Ideal. To invoke this, to aspire to it, is man's first great duty. There is no improvement but through this. There is no progress for man, or society save in this.

As all our acts are copies, more or less perfect, of our

Ideals, we perceive that it is of infinite importance that the ideal, we aspire to, should be pure, high and noble.

The Ideal of Womanhood is therefore the loftiest and sublimest conception, the mind can form in regard to woman's great mission, duty and influence. It embraces all womanly dignity and virtue, as manifested in the various relations of wife, mother, daughter and sister, all the high and sacred duties and obligations of woman to herself and her home, to God and her country. Life with all its labors, love with all its mysteries, society with all its relations, are also necessarily embraced therein. Thus the theme, on the discussion of which we are about to enter, is an immense one, full of solemn interest, and inconceivably important. Although, therefore, we cannot hope that our feeble endeavors will rise to the grandeur of the subject, or do anything like justice thereto, we are not without faith that the words, proceeding from the earnest and loving heart of a daughter of America to her sisters, will not fall, entirely fruitless, to the earth.

CHAPTER II

Claims of America upon her daughters, their great responsibilities — Our country sacred by its early history — The founders of our nation still present to witness our fidelity or infidelity to duty — Man may sway the intellect and control the material power of the State — Woman reigns over the heart, governs the home, and thus rules the world.

WHEN we consider our origin and progress as a nation, — the remarkable events which ushered us into existence, the extraordinary progress, material, moral and intellectual, which has elevated us to the highest rank among the peoples of the earth, — and when we take note of that immense vitality which constantly agitates the heart of the nation, the burning ideas which kindle the soul with enthusiasm, the sublime ambition which dreams of universal freedom, and the advent of the Genius of Democracy in all the world, we must feel that America is destined to be the field of mighty deeds, and our nation the vanguard of Humanity, leading it forward and upward, in its grand march, into the perfections of the great and mysterious future.

We cannot resist the conclusion that this favored land has been specially designated by Providence, as the scene of momentous movements which will embrace, within

their circle, the destinies of all nations. The growth of her cities, which have sprung up as if by magic, the extraordinary achievements of art, industry and science, the incredible expansion of her commerce, are most wonderful to contemplate. Through the enterprise and genius of our people, almost supernatural, the "wilder-ness blossoms as the rose."

But the moral and intellectual progress of our nation is not less marvellous than its material advancement. Mind, free and independent, has met with mind, and the electric sparks of truth have illuminated and inflamed the whole world. Living streams, whose currents can never cease to flow, water and fertilize the trees of Knowledge and Virtue, which rise in majestic beauty among us, spreading their branches fair and green through the heavens. The Rivers of Truth, reflecting the dread verities of the skies flow down through these favored valleys, charming the nations with their silvery murmurs like a grand organ symphony !

A wondrous life-tide is sweeping through the nation's heart which will, in its irresistible progress, affect the whole circle of human sympathies, activities and ideas. The whole world is moving. Truth, is more and more unveiled. Light which through long years has only cast its rays on the highest mountain peaks, descends to-day into the lowest

vales, and devours the darkness of centuries. Life glows with truth as the heavens burn with stars. Every American heart thrills with mighty agitations, and burns with strange thoughts, and throbs with mysterious expectations. All the aspects of American life indicate a movement upward, the near approach of a new epoch, a grand era, when duty, truth and virtue, and the relations between man and man will be more clearly comprehended, and when society on earth will become more nearly what it is designed to be, viz: a reflex of the society of the heavenly worlds.

In this grand movement, woman will necessarily be a conspicuous actor. Aptly is she called the "mother of life," for the moral life of a nation is but the inspiration of her breath, and every nation will be as it is made, by the wives and mothers, who are the constructors of the temple of national virtue. Consequently the star of our nation will shine bright and clear, illuminating all the ages that are to come with rays of joy and life, or it will glimmer faintly in our sky according as the women of America perform their parts and achieve their work. The soil of our country is made sacred by a thousand memories, in which appear glorious examples of female heroism and virtue, which should make every woman's heart in this age burn with a sub-

lime ambition to accomplish still more for her nation and her race.

Those venerable matrons have passed away, but their examples live and work with exceeding power to-day. Their mighty lives, clothed with immortal powers, radiant with living splendors, and omnipotent through their heavenly virtue move amongst us as of old.

While in the flesh they endured cold, want and persecution; they labored to roll back the mighty tide of error which threatened to submerge the world. They accepted for God and his truth, desolate homes in a barbarous country, where, after a life of suffering and toil, they found graves still more desolate, and mingled their ashes with those of savages and brutes.

Our soil, hallowed by their past sufferings and toils, is rendered still more sacred by their immortal presence to-day. They walk over our hills as ever. They are the witnesses of our deeds. They are cognisant of all our schemes of ambition, our various projects, our favorite enterprises, however secretly formed or executed. They rule over the present and will rule over the future of our nation, as a reward for their fidelity in the past, and the moral victories they then and there achieved. They are also constituted the judges of life and of its deeds, for it is an unalterable law of the universe, that they who in life are faithful to Duty and Truth, are at death

exalted to regal dignity, and invested with power to rule over the affairs of the world.*

They are with us, their daughters, approving us when we act nobly and wisely, condemning us sternly but sorrowfully when we are false and unfaithful to our great responsibilities.

Let the American woman then of the nineteenth century awake to the importance of her position. The complexion and character of the future depend more upon her, than upon man. Man, it is true, is called the sovereign of the world, and perhaps rightly. He is ever exploiting in the intensely agitated arena of human activities, his voice is heard in the forum and at the bar, in the chambers of commerce and trade, and in all public affairs. Pursuing a course of honorable ambition, he wins honor and fame. His great deeds, performed on fields of deadly strife or of peaceful industry, engraved on columns of granite or marble, or more durably, on immortal minds and hearts, are preserved in the memory of a grateful people. Such a hero was our great Washington. Such in part was the mighty Corsican. By the truth of history, we learn that all this grandeur and distinc-

* "The men of the golden age, the benefactors of their race, were exalted at death by Jupiter to the rank of divinities."—HOMER. "To him that overcometh will I give power over the nations," —St. JOHN.

tion, and this power to sway the millions, had their birth in the quiet influence of the maternal heart.

Man rules the material forces of the world, life and society, his voice mingles with the noise and din of business and labor, he administers the laws, executes justice and wields a mighty influence over human affairs. In gubernatorial robes or judicial ermine he exercises fearful power and far-reaching control. But there is one mightier and more influential than he.

In a cottage, lone and desolate it may be, sits a woman surrounded by a group of smiling children. Alone with them, the mother pursues her humble occupation, and lives out her humble, obscure life. The world around moves on and no one seeks to know what light emanates from that unpretending cot, what grandeur is there preparing, what influences are there at work to advance the happiness of the nations. Yet even there and then toiling by the midnight lamp, she becomes conscious of her sacred mission, and begins to see her great reward. She sees it in her child, upon whose brow is imprinted a sentiment of profound reverence for the truth, and love for his country. She waits and watches the bursting of those buds of beauty, which she has cultivated with so much care and pains. She sees him go forth to work out his destiny in life and bids him God speed. He leaves his home, his mother's side, to do battle with the difficul-

•

ties which may surround him, but accompanied by the maternal benediction he fears no evil. Her voice is ever sounding in his ears the admonition, "be ever faithful to truth and duty, and yourself, labor with courage and hope, and you will conquer." A few years pass and the promise is fulfilled, the influence of that humble matron, through the son, now become great and powerful, rules the hearts of thousands. Filling the high places of society, applauded by the rich and followed by the blessing of the poor, he knows and feels that all this greatness is the work of his poor mother, the fruit of her prayers, her struggles and tears.

In our country, where all human activities are free, where every field of honorable enterprise is open to all and all classes mingle freely in society without hindrance, and all institutions and laws repose upon the popular will, the influence of woman must be immeasurable. It would be difficult to estimate the good which even one true woman might accomplish, who, in an earnest purpose and with an adequate sense of the greatness of her responsibilities, addressed herself to her appropriate work. And let us not forget that our sphere of labor is in *the heart, among the affections*, for here is the great power which moves the world. It is not intellect or mind, but heart which controls the destinies of men. Nay, the in-

tellect itself acknowledges the supremacy of the heart and yields to its control. As love rules the material worlds, and robes them in beauty, so love rules the moral world, and controls the destinies of human life.

CHAPTER III.

WOMAN IN HISTORY.

THE history of the female sex will show that those nations which have attained to the highest state of intellectual and moral excellence, have ever held woman in the highest honor, and consequently, it is a logical inference, that the influence of the sex, has much to do with the general progress of society.

In the earliest ages of the world, even among those peoples, that were the most enlightened, as in Egypt, for example, the condition of woman was anything but enviable. The early history of this remarkable country is nearly unknown to us, and it is only through Greek authors, who often contradict each other, that we can acquire any knowledge whatever on this interesting subject.

Herodotus tells us that the Egyptians were allowed to have but one wife, while, on the other hand, Diodorus of Sicily, pretends that they married as many as they could support. Some old authors speak of the respect in which the women of Egypt were held, and which, it is said, was the result of the profound adoration that this

ancient people had for Isis, a female Divinity, and yet, on the other hand, everything leads us to believe that in Egypt, woman was little better than a slave. Indeed, so depressed was her condition — so completely buried was she in domestic servitude — that with the exception of three or four queens, the name of not one has been transmitted to us. Still even here we see an improvement in her condition, and a steady progress to a better state. The Egyptians were an agricultural people, and to secure themselves against the periodical rise of the waters of the Nile, they were forced to live in elevated houses; social circles were thus formed of which woman was necessarily the ornament and delight. Shut up a long time together, they sought to please each other; and in this order of things, civilization was born sooner than with nomadic and savage peoples. Woman did not fail to put to profit this state of things, by displaying all those charms and graces which are the source of their influence and power.

The women of Egypt were educated with considerable care. Music, it is true, was forbidden them as a corrupting art, which would also draw them away from more useful and serious occupations. This was the ostensible pretence, although we have reason to think that the prohibition of music was rather a precaution of jealousy. The Egyptians feared its seductive influence. However

this may be, many of the women of Egypt acquired considerable power and influence. They were sometimes ambassadors, and merchants; they devoted themselves often to science, and showed as much facility in threading the mysterious labyrinths of metaphysics, as in managing the affairs of love.

But while the condition of woman was ever improving on the banks of the Nile, in China it knew no variation. It is, indeed, the same to-day as it was thousands of years ago. The Egyptians were extremely solicitous to give their daughters a good education; while the excessive jealousy of the Chinese has ever kept their females buried in the deepest ignorance. Their jealousy goes to ridiculous extremes. When a Chinese lady is ill, the physician is allowed to see her only at a distance. A silken thread is tied to her wrist, and the other end is carried to the physician; and in this way he judges of the state of the pulse.

We infer, therefore, that among the Egyptians, women held a place much higher than with any other people.

But what does the Egyptians more credit than anything else, was their giving the fair sex the care of the old and feeble, and the relief of the poor and suffering! Admirable law! worthy of any age or country. Women are true consolers of the human race — their ears are never

closed to the voice of suffering. Let a man and woman visit the abode of suffering—it is always to her that the first complaint is made—the first word of supplication is offered. Their words of sympathy penetrate an afflicted soul, and bear into its wounds an efficient consolation. They are the gentle ministers of human joy, the promoters of peace and the guardians of virtue.

CHAPTER IV.

WOMAN IN ANCIENT GREECE.

WE will now cast our regards upon ancient Greece — that land of wisdom and song — of poets, philosophers and statesmen ! What an enchanting spectacle is here unveiled to us ! This country, although small in extent, and broken and severe in its aspect, was governed, at times, by the most eloquent men who have ever existed, and swayed the whole world by its moral force. There was to be found every means of pleasure and enjoyment ; the fire of genius threw an immortal splendor over its hills and plains and rivers ; there, at nearly the same time, Pericles won glorious victories in the field, and Demosthenes thundered at the tribune, and Praxitiles drew all the elite of Athens to his studio, and Alcibiades shone equally in battle, council or the boudoir, while Aspasia, the adored of all the great, united all at her feet ! Marvellous and enchanting country !

Toward the end of the Peloponesian war, the women of Attica possessed the noble form and amiable graces of the Ionians. The celebrated courtesan Aspasia, born at Miletus, the principal city of Ionia, brought to the

women of Athens all the elegance of Asia. She was the star of fashion — the acknowledged model of all grace. There was in Greece a singular state of society. Prostitutes only were accomplished. All those female accomplishments and graces which history has spoken of in connection with Grecian women, were never possessed by the virtuous wives, mothers and daughters of Athens. They were shut up with a distrust and jealousy that strongly resembled tyranny. They were allowed no instruction in the arts or sciences, but were condemned to everlasting servitude and ignorance, behind the closed doors of their prison homes. Thus while the public women — ever a numerous class in Athens — cultivated the arts, frequented the porch and lyceum, charmed the philosophers and artists, animated their genius, and established between them and themselves, so to speak, an exchange of instruction, the noble and virtuous ladies of Athens, nearly buried in obscurity and ignorance, seemed rather to belong to the earliest age of the world, than to that brilliant epoch of Greece, which is justly celebrated. From this cruel law resulted the celebrity of the courtesans of Athens. The fine arts were abandoned to them by the injustice of the laws. They cultivated them, contributed to their progress, and secured the homage of their age by their success, and of ours by their remembrance. This infamous

law, which deprived honest women of all intellectual pleasures and pursuits, made chastity odious, and really offered a premium to licentiousness. Morals became so bad at Athens, that the republic at length was obliged to enact restraining laws, and even Demosthenes appeared at the bar to defend the cause of virtue against the courtesan Mera.

While at Athens women languished under the heavy yoke of oppressive laws, at Lacedæmon, Lycurgus accustomed them to the hardest labors, and to the exercises of the course and gymnasium. They had all the freedom of man. This philosophical legislator did not fear to exhibit beauty unveiled before the eye of men, whose passions he wished thereby to moderate. The Lacedæmonian women, stimulating by their sarcasm, the young men who had failed to bear off the prizes at the public sports, seemed to desire only glory at the time when, concealing none of their charms, they could inspire all the fires of love. What a contrast between Athens and Lacedæmon !

The noble Athenian ladies lived at home, in privacy, and were examples of every domestic virtue. Such was the requisition of the laws. But courtesans were allowed every privilege and every freedom. And science and literature belonged to them. They raised the courage of warriors, spoke with a purity which distinguished

them, and their houses became the asylums of taste, wit and genius. Philosophers and Generals esteemed it an honor to be admitted to their society. The State, by the operation of its laws — not intended we presume — gave them influence, and they in turn governed the policy of the State. Aspasia decided the question of war or peace, and Phrynea obtained a statue of gold, in the temple at Delphos, between two kings.

In Lacedæmon, the laws required females to forget their sex, and consequently their beauty was changed into force, their amiability into address, and their vivacity into energy. Not only did they become the rivals of men in their severest exercises, but often bore away from them the palm of courage. The history of woman in Athens and Lacedæmon, proves that she is adapted to all states and circumstances. Nay, that there is in her something supernatural, which can respond to every thought, every sentiment, and every condition of love or toil. The Greeks, born worshippers of beauty and talent, but also friends of domestic order—jealous of their rights over their wives, respecting their virtues as the safeguard of the education of their children, felt that the austerity of duty would diminish pleasure, and that the severe laws of modesty would be a bar to enjoyment. All social connections in Greece, were based on this principle. The sex was divided into two classes—one devoted to

pleasure, the other consecrated to duty—one looking for esteem as their reward, the other expecting incense, homage and applause.

And here was their grand error. They had not learned that all these qualities might be united in one woman. With us, this is understood. The virtuous wife and mother, devotes herself at the same time to pleasure and duty. In the world of fashion, in society, she may shine as a star, and also, in the privacy of domestic life, be the most virtuous of wives, and most excellent of mothers.

CHAPTER V.

THE ROMAN WOMAN.

IN the last chapter we led our readers to Greece—to Athens, with its gilded, polished life, and to Lacedæmon, with its severe and forbidding laws, and displayed before them a picture of the social and domestic conditions of woman in that favored land. We will now lead them through the streets of the Eternal City, and show them the condition of the sex in Ancient Rome.

The early Romans were more austere than the Greeks, and for five hundred years remained in almost entire ignorance of the arts, and were strangers to literature and science. Yet they had many wise laws, and women, for a long time, enjoyed a high rank and many privileges, and were models of every domestic virtue. The men, ever occupied with the toils of the field or battle, on returning victorious, threw themselves into the arms of their wives, with that pure enthusiasm which can be inspired only by the chastity of one sex and the fidelity of the other.

Devoted entirely to domestic cares, the women knew no pleasure but the performance of duty. To cherish

and educate their children, to spin and weave the vestments of their husbands, and in their absence to pray to the gods for their success—was the employment of their days, and the end of all their thoughts.

Yet in the infancy of the republic, a barbarous and cruel law of Romulus gave to husbands the power of life and death over their wives. But this absolute power of the husband was counteracted by the moral force of the sex—a force which was not the result of artful calculation and coquetry—but of their lofty virtue and severe principles. This epoch of Roman history is glorified by the memory of a host of distinguished women. Coriolanus, irritated against his country for its injustice toward him, would not be appeased, until subdued by the gentle influence of his mother; and the Romans erected an altar, on the spot, where the vengeance of a hero yielded to the voice of woman, and to the influence of her virtues. Efforts were made to preserve in Rome, this purity of manners, and this grave modesty, which made women not less important in the State, for their moral influence over their husbands, than necessary for their wisdom and devotedness. Laws were devised and decreed after this spirit of order, which, governing the interior of families, purified the great family of the people.

But nature is stronger than the will of men. Society changes as it advances. While a nation is struggling .


for existence, there is a necessity for constant toil. Every means is brought in action, heroic virtues are created—laws are strong in the sanctity of principles, and are obeyed. But when the nation becomes powerful, and obstacles are removed, and war no longer imposes on men the duty of self-sacrifice, idleness and vice begin to raise their heads. National repose, *peace* even which is so much praised and desired by some short-sighted philosophers, and the arts which are born from it and adorn it, finish by corrupting society and triumphing over all laws, which, in time of war and peril, are always strong, but weak and inefficient in time of peace and security.

The time when the Roman Ladies began to appear in public, was a fatal and remarkable period in their history. Until then, they had lived in the bosom of their families. But now luxury tempted them, flattery seduced them; instead of being loved, they thought of pleasing; they sought pleasure; forgot their duties, put art in the place of nature, and lost their influence in the State, and over their husbands.

After this period, Roman history speaks no more of the Porcias and the Julias and other women, who were so praised for their virtues. There were no more of those dames who, in the time of Brennus, saved Rome with their gold; neither those heroines, who, after the battle of Cannæ, gave the State all their jewels and

precious stones. But instead of these austere republicans, were seen only light and frivolous females, who, forgetting all conjugal duties devoted themselves entirely to pleasure. The last and most fatal revolution in the manners of Roman women, took place when the republic lost its liberty. To show to what a low state the morals of Rome had fallen, even before the time of the Emperors, we will give our readers the following historical anecdote :

A courtesan named Flora, died very rich, and bequeathed her immense wealth to the Republic, on condition that every year a feast should be celebrated in her honor. The senators were embarrassed. The State was involved in debt, and the senate, while it desired strongly to appropriate to its needs the property of the courtesan, did not wish to compromise its dignity and create scandal, by decreeing an annual festivity in honor of her memory. They, therefore, pretended that the festival was in honor of a goddess, called Chloris by the Greeks, and Flora by the Latins, and who, having been married to Zephyr, received the empire of flowers. Thus originated this Floral festival which we even to-day respect, and continue in a manner in our May-day sports. Immediately there followed an epoch of general and profound corruption. Society in Rome at this period was brilliant, but depraved beyond a parallel. Never had



woman enjoyed so much liberty, or shone with so much splendor, and yet never had she less of power or less of influence.

This last revolution which marks the history of Roman women, took place under the Emperors. Yet in the midst of all this general corruption there were those who exhibited all the shining virtues of the sex. Octavia, the virtuous and tender wife of Anthony, the sister of Augustus, and the rival of Cleopatra, was one of those whom nature seems to produce at times, as if to show, in the most depraved periods, the excellence of which the sex is capable. Porcia, worthy of sharing all the secrets of an august council which was to decide the fate of the world, died with the intrepidity of her father Cato. Paulina mingled her blood with that of her husband. Seneca and Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, braved Tiberius in her exile and consumed her life in weeping for her husband. To this company of distinguished Roman dames, we will add now but one more. It is the Empress Julia, wife of Septimus Severus. She was born in Syria, and was the daughter of a priest of the sun. Learned in all the affairs of State, she gained the confidence of her husband, who, without loving her, governed by her counsels. But those were exceptions in that corrupt age, and a hundred Porcias, Paulinas and Agrippinas could not stay that flood of vice and immorality

which overwhelmed the sex. A single man may do much for the reformation of manners, while many virtuous women can do but little. It is man's glory to *do* great things—it is woman's to *inspire* them. This is what we learn from the history of women. To excite the object of their love to a lofty ambition, to sacrifice even their happiness to his honor—to be his advisers, his support, his consolation in his griefs, and the sources of his purest enjoyments, is the real province of woman—this is her mission on earth.

CHAPTER VI.

WOMAN IN THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.

It was at a time of profound and universal corruption, that Christianity came to man, like a strain of sweet music from a celestial harp. The face of society was changed, and woman was elevated to the world's throne. Inspired by the Christian life, and glowing with a pure and divine love, she subdued her senses and her reason, and through the aid of the Gospel, gained the empire over man.

Women were the first to accept the new faith, which responded so well to all the secret emotions of their hearts, and to all their natural tendencies to piety, charity, love and devotion; and as a reward for their docility, it seemed to confer on them its choicest gifts. Christianity, severe in its principles, but commanding charity and forbearance, substituted for the reign of the senses the dominion of the soul. Ancient Philosophy and politics made the interests of society the centre of all their calculations; but according to the law of Christ, the whole visible world was nothing, and the life to come was the end of our thoughts, and the sole object of our

hopes. The instinct of love, brutal and degraded, became a divine passion, glorified by sentiment and poetry; and marriage became a sacred bond, sanctified by the altar, and protected by the laws. Extinguishing hatred and forbidding revenge, peace seemed to descend upon earth, to invite mortals to love and support each other; and religion, uniting thus all pure souls, formed an immense chain, encircling humanity, and binding all to the eternal throne.

Christianity is the only religion that ever spoke to the heart of woman, and her influence in the primitive church was great. St. Augustine was converted by his mother, and St. Jerome dedicated to ladies the greatest portion of his works. England, France, Germany, Russia, Poland, and Bohemia, received the Gospel from the hands of beauty, and thousands of proselytes were brought into the church by the influence of Christian women. That sensibility so natural to the female heart, and which love transforms into a passion, was changed by religion into a tender and soothing pity. The desire of others' good, of relieving distress, filled their regenerate souls. Sacred asylums of misfortune were instituted, protected and endowed by them. Everywhere they were found to be the most elevated disciples of the Christian Faith, sincere and ardent in their piety, and indefatigable in their works of benevolence and love. Through

them, more than through men, the Gospel regenerated the world. And to-day, throughout Christendom, woman is adored as a kind of divinity. Poetry, romance and song, find in her beauty and gentleness their highest inspiration; and, in return, consecrate to her praise their sweetest and divinest works. One of the brightest geniuses whose works embellish our literature, thus celebrates her power and influence:

“ See where she stands! a mortal shape endowed
With love, and life, and light, and deity,
And motion, which may change, but cannot die;
An image of some bright eternity;
A shadow of some golden dream: a splendor,
Leaving the third sphere pilotless; a tender
Reflection on the eternal moon of love,
Under whose motions life’s dull billows move;
A metaphor of spring, and youth, and morning;
A vision, like incarnate April, warning,
With smiles and tears, Frost the anatomy
Into his summer grave.

The great practical inference we are to draw from these historical facts, is, that woman exercises an elevating influence upon society,—has a glorious destiny to achieve, and a divine mission to accomplish in this world.

CHAPTER VII.

WOMAN'S RESPONSIBILITIES INCREASE WITH HER
INFLUENCE.

WE have heard much said and written within the last few years regarding the wrongs and rights of woman, and many have been the complaints on the part of some reformers, so called, that she is not appreciated or valued at her just price. It is alleged, and perhaps with some truth, that she is deprived of some of the prerogatives usually supposed to be the exclusive possessions of the stronger sex, but certainly woman has no reason to complain that her influence is not extensive enough, nor that it is not recognized and yielded to by man. On the contrary, we can show beyond the shadow of a doubt, that in all ages it has been woman's influence which has moved the world. It has been well remarked by an able writer, that among the ancient inhabitants of Europe, and especially among the northern nations, women were ever respected. The Scandinavians and Celts regarded them as their equals, their companions, and sought to merit their praise and esteem by courage and generosity. From those nations has come that spirit of

equality, moderation and politeness, which is the distinctive character of our manners. This is to be attributed chiefly to the religion of the Scandinavians. In their mythology, the beautiful and amiable goddess Freya, the bright one

Who, over mortal griefs and fears,
Lest fall in pity, golden tears,


was a type of woman in her gentleness, and every altar erected to this goddess was a shrine in honor to the sex.

The institution of Chivalry owes its origin entirely to that innate reverence for woman which all men naturally feel, if they do not always recognize it. Men who were inspired by it, became weary of the anarchic state of society—where the law of might prevailed over the considerations of right—and desired to introduce a better order of things. Some of the nobles associated together, and formed military societies for the purpose of making up for the weakness of the laws by the force of valor and arms. Their object was to protect timidity, innocence and weakness, to fight the Moors in Spain, the Saracens in the East, to chastise the petty tyrants of Germany and secure the repose and safety of travellers in France. Such was the noble institution of Chivalry. Yet, as has already been remarked, it originated in a growing respect for woman, and its chief glory consisted in its pro-

found admiration for the sex. Nay, it may be said that woman had a hand in its formation. She felt that a change of manners was necessary, and consequently saw the utility of an institution which, by the attraction of its splendid forms, would fortify the laws which were established, but unfortunately not enforced.

And who were those she wished to subdue and polish ? On one side a remnant of northern barbarians, who, scarcely civilized, had yet brought from the depths of their forests, together with their strong love of freedom and independence, a sort of religious reverence for woman, and on the other side brave, loyal and devoted knights who, in their castles, as far from the corruptions of ancient Rome as from the elegant refinements to which they were destined, knowing neither how to read or write, fought, prayed, served their mistresses without formality but with primitive simplicity, governed their vassals without justice, and followed the laws of honor more by instinct than reflection.

While men lived in a state of ignorance and barbarism, they desired in woman nothing but beauty ; but as they became civilized, the soul awaking to a sense of its dignity threw the glory and brightness of sentiment over the natural instinct of Love. They wished, consequently, to multiply their enjoyments ; the pleasures of sense being insufficient, they sought in the possession



of woman a happiness more spiritual and therefore more durable.

This was, in part, the result of her calculation, or rather what she divined by instinct. For far from removing men from their chivalrous ideas, she urged them forward in this direction, stimulated their courage, but exalted its aim, enlightened and directed that secret inclination for loyalty, honor, and a still more elevated position, and seizing this occasion, placed herself on a throne in the heart of her lover or husband, blessed by the favor of heaven, and shielded by the sacred influence of the altar.

Even among savage nations, we find this tendency to civilization, these sentiments of gentleness and sociability, which, however hidden under the garb of barbarism, always distinguish the male sex. The sweet enthusiasm of love, a love sentimental and spiritual, which replaced the fugitive and unsatisfactory enjoyments of the senses by long years of cares, devotion, and constancy, was too feeble to sustain itself by its own force. And yet, in this enthusiasm, woman founded her empire. To all this she had the art to join the principles of real honor, the necessary practice of virtues, the most difficult, and, especially, reverence for the doctrines of a religion, full of adorable mysteries, founded on a pure and severe morality, where all was love, sacrifice, duty and privation.

The Tournament was instituted under the patronage of woman. Honor and love were united by a treaty which beauty cemented. Courts of love were established, and the troubadours appeared. Poetry and romance flourished, and woman came to be deified in the thoughts of civilized Christian men as in the ancient mythology, and among the rude nations of the north, who regarded her as the guiding star of their life, the medium of communication between the gods and goddesses, who ruled the invisible realms, and the mortals who dwelt upon the earth.

In everything relating to the institution of Chivalry, the influence and power of woman are discovered. It was to win her smile and gain her approval, that the Knight buckled on his armor and braved perils, endured fatigues, and performed such deeds of valor as appear to us in this effeminate age almost superhuman, at least fabulous. The following poem, belonging to that mysterious and remarkable age, well sets forth the estimation in which woman was then held :

“ No, never since the fatal time,
When the world fell for woman's crime,
Has Heaven in tender mercy sent —
All pre-ordaining, all foreseeing —
A breath of purity that lent
Existence to so fair a being !

Whatever earth can boast of rare,
Of precious and of good—
Gaze on her form,—’tis mingled there,
With added grace endued.

“‘Why, why is she so much above
All others whom I might behold—
Whom I, unblamed, might dare to love,
To whom my sorrow might be told?
O, when I see her, passing fair,
I feel how vain is all my care:
I feel she all transcends my praise,
I feel she must condemn my lays;
I feel, alas! no claim have I,
To gain that bright divinity!
Were she less lovely, less divine,
Less passion and despair were mine.’”

THE WORTH OF WOMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight
Graceful and fair like a being of light;
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss, on our thorn-covered ways;
Roses of Paradise, sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

Man on passion's stormy ocean,
Tossed by surges mountains high,
Courts the hurricane's commotion,
Spurns at reason's feeble cry.
Loud the tempest roars around him,
Louder still it roars within;
Flashing lights of hope confound him,
Stunned with life's incessant din.

Woman invites him, with bliss in her smile,
To cease from his toil and be happy a while;
Whispering wooingly—come to my bower,—
Go not in search of the phantom of power;
Honor and wealth are illusory—come!
Happiness dwells in the temples of home.

Man, with fury, stern and savage,
Persecutes his brother man,
Reckless if he bless or ravage;
Action, action—still his plan.

Now creating, now destroying,
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast ;
Ever seeking — ne'er enjoying ;
Still to be, but never blest.

Woman, contented in silent repose,
Enjoys in its beauty each flower as it blows,
And waters and tends it with innocent heart,
Far richer than man with his treasures of art ;
And wiser by far in the circles confined,
Than he with his science and lights of the mind.

Coldly to himself sufficing,
Man disdains the gentler arts,
Knoweth not the bliss arising
From the interchange of hearts.
Slowly through his bosom stealing,
Flows the genial current on,
Till by age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp that instinctively rings,
As the night breathing zephyr soft sighs on the strings,
Responds to each impulse with steady reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathies try ;
And tear-drops and smiles on her countenance play,
Like sunshine and showers of a morning in May.

Through the range of man's dominion,
Terror is the ruling word—
And the standard of opinion
Is the temper of the sword.

Strife exults, and pity, blushing,
From the scene departing flies,
Where to battle madly rushing,
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control—
She rules by enchantment the realms of the soul;
As she glances around in the light of her smile,
The war of the passions is hushed for a while,
And discord, content from its fury to cease,
Reposes entranced on the pillows of peace.

TRUE LOVELINESS.

Who hath not felt the harmony of grace,
The sweetness of that bright and lovely bower?
Who hath not gazed on woman's beauteous face
Until his inmost soul hath own'd her power?
Yet to the mind's—oh! what is beauty's flower?
I ask, not for the fair and dazzling bud,
The rose of youth that withers hour by hour;
Give me the mind whose flowers are ever new!
For there, and there alone, true loveliness we view.

CHARLES SWAIN.

CHAPTER VIII.

Love and its ennobling influence — Dante and Beatrice — Petrarch and Laura.

THE famous proposition of the Philosopher Descartes, — "*Cogito, ergo sum*" — "I think, therefore I exist," undoubtedly contains much of truth; but the French Metaphysician would have spoken more correctly had he said "*Amo, ergo sum*," "I love, therefore I exist" — for love is life. The true life of woman is one of Love, and her moral history scarcely commences, till love enlightens the mystery of her being. It is plain that we live, and are happy only in proportion to our love. The heart is the foundation and corner stone of human nature. The world is moved through affection more than through the intellect. "All our reasoning," says Pascal, "consists in yielding to sentiment." The soul is superior to the reason. The heart is greater than the head. It never deceives, and its invariable and irresistible tendency is towards the good. "Love doeth no ill," saith the gospel.

The intellect may have two masters; the heart, which purifies and exalts it towards celestial things; or the body, which drags it down to the earth. Its true


destination, its natural office, is to be the light of the heart, its aid and its support. Under the dominion of the affections, it is a faithful companion, whose radiance enlightens the divine instincts of the heart. Without it, the heart will remain feeble, powerless and unfruitful. Yet, if it be not controlled by sentiment, by love, it will become the vile slave of concupiscence, and hurl us downward into the dark abysses of crime and despair. The intellect is not the noblest part of man. It is the heart, which moves, creates, and glorifies the world— which embellishes life, and raises humanity to God. The intelligence seeks the useful,— the heart bows in adoration before the beautiful; yet the intellect is a noble possession, and when its burning flame blends with the celestial radiance of the heart,—when it follows the guidance of love, it becomes an instrument of immeasurable good.

“Beauty is God,” says St. Bernard. It is the image of the Infinite, reflected in His works, revealing to us His omnipotence and goodness. His ineffable beauty beams in all the stupendous glories of the world. It streams down from the skies in the golden splendors of gleaming stars, and up from the earth through the wondrous graces of flowers and trees. From all His works there emanates a divine attraction, indefinable, but powerful, which penetrates the heart, inspiring the

sentiments of admiration and worship, and awakening a love, which bears the soul upward to himself. Objects are beautiful, and worthy of our love, according to their rank in the scale of being. Our love for an object is in proportion to our estimate of its beauty and worth. Hence the grandeur and energy of our love, when it embraces the entire race of man ; hence its elevation and power when it is excited by individuals, the beautiful, the intelligent, the good. There is no love more natural, none grander or nobler than that which brings two souls, male and female, together like blending dew-drops, uniting them in a celestial friendship. The foundation of the family, the source of mutual perfection,—love communicates to both, the diverse qualities of each.

It puts us in full possession of the noblest faculties of our nature. It stimulates every power, it clothes every object with new charms, touching all things with celestial hues. It exalts, to the highest degree, the passion of the beautiful, the true, and the good ; and opens the soul to the splendors, which stream in, from the invisible world, to vivify, energize, and direct it. Its lightning flames over all of man's surroundings, revealing the greatness of his destiny, and illuminating, at a single flash, all the Ideal of Life. The author of "Sartor Resartus" makes the moral training and dis-

cipline of his strange and mysterious hero, perfect only when his tumultuous heart was brought to feel the magic touch of love. Before, he wandered through the dark night, a lone pilgrim in the illimitable Swartzwald, the grim, yawning black forest of human life. But love gave him companionship,—made him see faroff splendors,—made him hear harmonies of angelic sweetness. Through love, he comprehended the mystery of life! I fancy that Herr Teufelsdröckh was not an exception to his race, but a true specimen of humanity. It is love that reveals to us life, in all its immensity, its solemn significance — its great responsibilities. The man who loves not, only dreams, he does not live. All his plans, speculations, thoughts and ideas are subjective. Love brings him out of the narrow circle of the *me*, and reveals to him, the import of the ideas of *thee*, and *thou*. Loving, he lives not for himself alone; his existence and his destiny are bound up in those of another. Love reveals his superior nature. It is by its omnipotence that man becomes complete. It is creative; and man is not truly fashioned in the image of God, until love reveals to him the Ideal of Life. That period of existence, in which the sun of love first rises on our hearts, infusing through all our being, its intense vitality and warmest rays, is also of all others the most fruitful and the most worthy of attention. It is then



that all the germs of virtue bloom and ripen within us. The lover, desirous of pleasing the one he adores, burns with noble and beautiful ambitions. The natural tendency of his heart, to the good and true, receives a new impulsion, from his affection. Love is a miracle-worker—the true regenerator of the human heart. The author of that noble *poem*, Festus, discovers that the devil even, can be saved by its sanctifying power. And how many examples of heroic virtue, of generosity, and grandeur of soul, has it given to the world! Plato well understood this twenty-five centuries ago. “There is” he tells us, “neither birth, nor honor, nor wealth, there is indeed, nothing so capable as love, to inspire man with noble thoughts, or so well calculated to lead him towards the good. After the performance of an unworthy deed, before no person—not even before a father, would he feel that shame, which would bend him to the dust, in the presence of the one whom he loved. If a state, or army could by any enchantment, be composed only of lovers or friends, it would be invincible, by its virtue, and its unity. A few persons, so united, could nearly vanquish the entire world. Love transforms the most timid into heroes, and inspires them with irresistible courage. What Homer says of the gods, that they inspire warriors with audacity, boldness and invincible might, we may say of love.” The man who loves, deeply, a

noble minded, finely tempered and affectionate woman, cannot but be improved and ennobled, by that love.

Woman is not the equal of man, but his superior, in all the divine qualities of human nature. She is above man in all that relates to the heart. Love, with her, is an innate sentiment, which subjugates all things else to its control. Her beauty is only the sensible manifestation of an immortal soul, which is endowed with the special faculty of comprehending divine things, and of communicating the notion thereof, to us. "The Gauls" says Tacitus "think that there is in the female sex something holy and inspired, and they never despise her counsels." Woman possesses, in a remarkable degree, the power,—a special gift from the Master of Life,—to collect, within herself, all those celestial rays of truth, and love, which give life to humanity. And this she does, because humanity has its birth in her bosom. The reason why, in her being, full of an inexpressible charm, the moral life is so intense, is because it is her mission and destiny to transmit it to all the future.

Since woman has been called to this sublime work, it is most important to inquire, what education would be in harmony with the nature and destiny of such a being. In marriage, she should be permitted to hold her true place, and preserve all the dignity and grace peculiar to her sex, and by the influence of which, men are exalted

from brutality to manhood,—from sensualism to a spiritual life, from earth to heaven. “There are two Venuses” says an ancient Philosopher.* “One of them, the eldest daughter of Heaven,—is Venus Urania, or the Celestial,—the other, the younger daughter of Jupiter and of Dionæa,—we call Venus Pandemos, or the Venus of the people! The two Loves, who attend the two Venuses as ministers, are named, one of them, the heavenly,—the other, the earthly. The Love that attends the Celestial Venus, has not the impetuosity, volatility, and fickleness of youth. He attaches himself to the soul, which, loved by him, remains forever faithful; for what he loves is necessarily lasting.

The Love that accompanies Venus Pandemos, or the popular, rules in the hearts of those, who love, without judgment, the body rather than the soul, and desire only physical and transitory enjoyments. The worship of Venus Urania has always been that, of all great souls and all noble and earnest hearts. Socrates, Plato, Heloise, Dante, Petrarch, those sublime geniuses, were eloquent in its praise, and the voice of the world unanimously approves their judgment.

“When Beatrice was present” — says Dante — “had any one demanded of me any service, I could not have

* Plato.

refused, but would have responded, with overflowing fullness of soul, and in humility of heart, — Love! Love!”

Again he says — “O Woman, in whom all my hope is placed, thou who hast condescended, for my salvation, to leave the traces of thy steps, on the threshold of hell, thou hast raised me from Slavery to Freedom; earth has no longer any dangers for me. I preserve, living in my bosom, the glorious image of thy purity, so that when my soul is freed from the body, it may present itself, without shame, before thee.” Such was Dante’s love, inspired by his Beatrice. Petrarch, no less than Dante, found his genius awakened, and his soul aroused and inflamed, by the love of a great and noble woman.

He says: “From her, come to me those sweet and loveful thoughts, which, while I follow them, lead me to the Sovereign Good, esteeming as of little worth, all that man desires. From her, comes that courage, which guides me to heaven, by undeviating paths, in such a manner, that my soul even now, is filled with sublime hopes.”*

† “Know,” he says, in another place, “that the morals of Laura are a perfect model, of the purest virtue. Know, that it is not her body’s grace, alone, that I love. What attracts me to her *so strongly*, is a soul, superior to all else, in the world. Her conduct, and all her

* Petrarch Son. XII.

† Petrarch Dia. St. Augustine.

habits, are an image of the life, which is led, by the inhabitants of the heavenly worlds. Should I have the misfortune to lose her, I would say with Lilaëus, the wisest of the Romans,—‘I love her virtue, which survives.’ I take to witness, the Truth, which hears us, that there has never been anything in my sentiments for Laura, reprehensible, but the excess of their devotion and tenderness. I wish that my heart could be seen, as one may look on her face, which it resembles; for like it, it is pure, and without stain. It is to Laura, that I am indebted, for what I am. Never should I have risen to the eminence, where I now stand, if the sentiments, with which she inspired me, had not stimulated, to a luxuriant growth, the seeds of virtue, which nature had planted in my heart. She has drawn me away from those precipices, to which I had been dragged, by the ardors of youth. In a word, she has shown me the way to heaven, and served, as a guide, to conduct me there. It is the effect of love, to transform lovers, and render them like the object which is loved. It is the love, with which I burn for her, that has enabled me, to comprehend the love of God, and rise to it. It is the soul, and not the body of Laura merely, that I love. Behold an incontestable proof of it,—the more she advances in age, the more my attachment to her increases, and the more tender and devoted become my sentiments.

In the spring of her life, even, the flower of her charms began to fade, but the beauty of her soul became more resplendent, and my passion increased in intensity.

“The body is the image and mirror of the soul. If the soul’s beauty could be seen immediately, without the interposition of the body, I should love with equal intensity, though the beautiful soul were lodged in an ugly body.”

It is thus, that Petrarch, this great expounder of the mystery of love, explains his passion for Laura and justifies it. By it, he rose to the Ideal, and entered into communion with God.

And so all elevated and great souls have regarded it. Love has been the bond which has united them with heaven. Thus the most elevated conception of love, with such earnest spirits, has ever been this, viz.: the two elements of Humanity, male and female, prostrated before the celestial Ideal, in which their hearts are blended in one,—charmed in the sweet harmony of their worship, and, in the unity of a common object, joining in a divine marriage which shall be as perpetual as eternity.

THE YOUTH OF THE HEART.

"Shall I never grow old?" said a fair little girl,
As she stood by her fond mother's knee,
And tossed from her forehead the clustering curls,
And turned up her bonny blue e'e!

"Shall I never grow old as the beggar has done,
Who yesterday came to our door?
And ne'er again look on the light of the sun,
And see the sweet flowers no more!

"Will my face be all wrinkled with sorrow and care,
And my pretty brown tresses turn white?
Oh, mother, I'm sure that I never could bear
To become such a sad looking sight!"

On her fair little daughter the mother looked down,
And her face wore a sorrowful smile,
As she smothered back the beautiful tresses of brown,
And gazed in her blue eyes the while!

"Oh, yes, my dear child!" and the tears gathered fast,
As she spoke, in the mother's dark eye,
"The charms we so prize in our youth cannot last,
And wrinkles and age will draw nigh!"

"This beautiful forehead, so placid and white,
This cheek of the carnation bloom,
Must yield up the delicate tints to the blight—
The precursor that points to the tomb!

"To wrinkles these dimples at length will give place,
These locks will be sprinkled with gray;
And who is there, then, could discover a trace
Of the beauty, my child wears to-day!

"But the youth of the heart," and the mother's dark
eye,

Grew soft as the eye of a fawn—

"May live in its greenness, when age has come nigh,
And the rose and the lily are gone!

"That youth! 'tis an evergreen—nourish it well,
With the dews of affection and love;
And still in thy bosom unfading 'twill dwell,
When thy spirit ascendeth above!

"Oh, the youth of the heart!—'tis more precious than
gold,

For it cheers e'en decrepitude's way;
And makes the world bright to us when we are old,
As it was in life's earliest day!

"Then grieve not, my child, though thy cheek should
grow pale,

And thy beautiful tresses turn gray, —
But guard well the youth of thy heart, that it fail
Nor die with thy beauty away!"

MRS. M. C. SAWYER.

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE.

Love then tends to unity—the unity of soul with soul, heart with heart, body with body; and this unity is marriage.

Marriage is, therefore, something more than a union prompted by passion and desire, having for its only end, a temporary gratification, or fleeting pleasure, as the sensualist affirms. It is also something more than a union for the perpetuity of the race. Both of these views are low, degrading, unphilosophical and unsatisfactory.

A true definition of marriage would be *a union of two beings, male and female, for their mutual perfection.*

“God,” says Plato, “has given us two wings, by which we may rise to heaven—Reason and Love.” It is because neither of the two individuals, composing the married couple, possesses both of these wings, that one alone cannot ascend to the Eternal, and that a union of the two is an absolute necessity.

Marriage,—true marriage we mean,—being a union of souls, of reason and love, is not temporary and relative, but everlasting and absolute.

The propagation of the species is, it is true, one of the ends of marriage, although not the first. Terrestrial or physical love is bad, or to be condemned only when it is alone. In its proper place, governed and purified by moral love, it is as pure as it, and becomes chaste by the alliance. Chastity is not virtue. "It is the submission of the voluptuous instincts of the body, to the yoke of reason."^o To restrain is not to destroy.

The strength, given by the Author of Life, to the sexual instinct, which secures the continued development of the human race, is a proof of the importance of the species in his eyes, and of his designs regarding its duration.

Woman, in her physical as well as moral relations, is specially ordained, in view of this end. The care of preserving the human species is confided to her.

Sensual love ought to be subordinate to the moral and spiritual. It is legitimate only when it is so. Alone, it demoralizes individuals and disturbs the peace of society. It is pure, even in marriage, only when it is glorified and exalted by sentiment, and is kindled by the sacred fires of the soul.

"Philosophy," says an eminent writer,[†] "does not seek to destroy any natural instincts, but rather to regulate them."

^o St. Augustine; *De finibus*.

[†] Montaigne.

If one sought to repress too strongly the irresistible power of that love which is inspired, as Plato would express it, by the Venus Pandemos,—if one desired to silence entirely its imperious voice, the passion, rashly compressed, would communicate to the blood a tumultuous ardor, which would agitate the heart, and trouble the entire being. On the contrary, if one should give loose reins to that passion which should always be governed by enlightened reason, its abuse would cast us into perils still more fearful, for it would enervate and degrade our intelligence, and at the same time rob the soul of its delicacy, modesty, and celestial ardor. Montaigne well expressed this when he says:—

“May we not say, that there is nothing in us, while sojourning on the earth, that is either wholly corporeal or wholly spiritual. It is reasonable to say that the body should not indulge its appetites to the injury of the soul; but why is it not just as reasonable also to say that the soul should not indulge its propensities at the expense of the body?”

The happiness of woman in wedded life, depends entirely on the choice she makes of a husband. No woman can condemn with too much energy, or severity, the opinion so generally received, but so worthy of the sternest denunciation, viz., that a man who has wasted his youth, in serving at the altars of Venus Pandemos, will be

come the best of husbands. No; that cannot be; for, if, in the spring time of life, a pestilential breath hinder the tender flame of chaste love from blooming in man's heart, that celestial flower will perish forever, like all other plants which germinate not in their season. It is too plain to require proof, that he, who in the first years of his life, has squandered his energies in sensual indulgences, and who allows his soul to be contaminated by their impure contact, will always remain a dissolute man. Every divine sentiment within him is dead, and all the superior regions of the intellectual domain will remain forever unknown to him.

Let every woman remember there is no such thing as a reformed rake! Let her seek the husband who is to guide her steps through all the future, among those whose hearts retain all the fresh affection, tender devotion, and confiding faith of their earliest years.

True marriage is the union of reason and love,—man and woman—in view of their more perfect development. Marriage, if it be really such, gives to the fond and loving wife, a companion for all the future,—a tender friend, sincere and devoted, to participate in all her joys, and to share all her sorrows,—a sure guide to lead her to heaven.

The bridal day is a momentous period for a young girl. It may be the golden portal that opens on paradise, and

conducts to unspeakable joys, or the fatal gate that leads
to the abysses of darkness and despair.

“ Go forth, young Bride ! The future lies before thee ;
Hidden in clouds are all the coming hours ;
None can tell what fate is brooding o’er thee,
How much thy path contains of thorn and flowers,
Thy childhood’s home, where thou wert late reposing
In happy slumbers, innocent and free,
This night excludes thee, when its doors are closing,
Only a visitor henceforth to be !

Leaving that home—hast thou secured another,
Standing wide open to receive thy feet ;
Loved by his sisters—welcome to his mother,
Shall kindly smiles thy gracious presence meet ?
Or holdest thou in fear that dreadful treasure,
Love’s lonely anchorage in one human heart—
Learning its strength of silver links to measure,
When friends and foes alike conspire to part ?

Art thou beloved, and dost thou love him truly,
By whom—with whom—thy lot of life is cast ?
Or hast thou rashly, weakly, or unduly,
In wrath, or scorn, or grief, thus sealed the past ?
If stung by memories, thou must dissemble,
Of one who left thee, fickle and unkind ;
Thy pride thus seeks to wound the inconstant—tremble !
Back to thy heart that shaft its way shall find !

Wo for the bitter days, too late repenting
Th’ irrecoverable step—the broken rest—
When thou shalt lean thy weary head, lamenting

On the lost refuge of thy mother's breast!
There, to the recklessness of early sorrow,
Holding no hope of brighter days to come—
Yearning to die before the darkened morrow,
And be calm buried near thy childhood's home!

Shalt thou, in this strange world of serpent slander,
Escaping all its venom and deep shame,
In tranquil paths obscurely happy, wander,
Where none shall point thee out for praise or blame:
Or shalt thou dwell in mingled smile and frowning,
Half envied, half enshrined, by Fashion's slaves,
Then, shipwrecked sink, like one who suffers drowning
After vain struggle with opposing waves!

Will he, thy mate, be true to vows of duty,
Or shalt thou weep, with eyelids veiled and dim,
The lost advantage of thy powerless beauty,
Which, praised by others, kept no hold on him?
Shall some fair temptress, like a dazzling meteor,
Teach him thy more familiar charms to slight—
Thy deep love weighed against each novel feature,
A balance, sated custom renders light?

Who shall decide? The Bridal Day! Oh! make it
A day of sacrament and fervent prayer,
Though every circumstance conspire to take it
Out of the common prophecy of care!
Let not vain merriment and giddy laughter
Be the last sound in thy departing ear—
For God alone can tell what cometh after,
What store of sorrow, or what cause to fear!
Go forth, young bride"!

THE EVER-ENDURING WEDLOCK.

Down behind the hidden village, fringed around with hazel brake,
(Like a holy hermit dreaming, half asleep and half awake,
One who loveth the sweet quiet for the happy quiet's sake,)
Dozing, murmuring in its visions, lay the heaven-enamored lake.

And within a dell where shadows through the brightest days abide,
Like the silvery swimming gossamer by breezes scattered wide,
Fell a shining skein of water than ran down the lakelet's side,
As within the brain by beauty lulled, a pleasant thought may glide.

When the sinking sun of August growing large in the decline,
Shot his arrows long and golden, through the maple and the pine :
And the russet thrush fled singing from the alder to the vine,
While the cat-bird in the hazel gave its melancholy whine ;

And the little squirrel chattered, peering round the hickory hole,
And a-sudden, like a meteor, gleamed along the oriole ;
There I walked beside fair Inez, and her gentle beauty stole
Like the scene athwart my senses, like the sunshine through my
soul !

And her fairy feet that pressed the leaves a pleasant music made,
And they dimpled the sweet beds of moss with blossoms thick
inlaid :

There I told her old romances, and with love's sweet wo we played,
Till fair Inez's eyes, like evening, held the dew beneath their shade.

There I wove for her love-ballads, such as lover only weaves,
Till she sighed and grieved, as only mild and loving maiden grieves ;

And to hide her tears she stooped to glean the violets from the
leaves,

As of old sweet Ruth went gleaning mid the Oriental sheaves.

Down we walked beside the lakelet: gazing deep into her eye,
There I told her all my passion! With a sudden blush and sigh,
Turning half away with look askant, she only made reply,
“How deep within the water glows the happy evening sky!”

Then I asked her if she loved me, and our hands met each in each,
And the dainty, sighing ripples seemed to listen up the reach,
While thus slowly with a hazel wand she wrote along the beach,
“Love, like the sky, lies deepest ere the heart is stirred to speech!”

Thus I gained the love of Inez — thus I won her gentle hand;
And our paths now lie together, as our footprints on the strand;
We have vowed to love each other in the golden morning land,
When our names from earth have vanished, like the writing from
the sand.

READ.

CHAPTER XI.

Conjugal love—sex belongs to the soul—The functions of man and woman—their moral unity.

MAN and woman, separated and isolated, are imperfect beings. They find perfection only in union. "God," says the Scripture, "created man, male and female"—and it also adds: "they are not two, but one flesh." They are unlike, have diverse qualities, essential to life and happiness; and their complementary union, in marriage, is an absolute necessity.

The intellect, the soul, and heart, are distinguished by sex, as well as the body. Indeed, it is through these the sex first reveals itself; for in the earliest childhood little boys love the occupations of men, and little girls those of women; and in this, they are directed by the sexual instinct, not of the body, for that is not yet developed,—but of the soul.

But these diversities, which reveal themselves in infancy, assume forms perfectly defined, when the individual, having attained his entire development, is in possession of the fulness of life.

By his physical organization, man is called to act upon Nature, to subjugate her forces, and make them

aid him in his marvellous labors. To accomplish this work, he has received the gift of force.

Woman, on the other hand, by the delicacy and grace of her person, is devoted to the care of the family, and the embellishment of domestic and social life.

The masculine intelligence spontaneously addresses itself to discoveries and inventions in the sciences and arts, and towards progress in society.

The feminine spirit is especially adapted to the science of life's details, a knowledge of individuals, and of the secrets of their thoughts and moral nature.


If, with man, the intellectual faculties predominate, and are of a superior power, with woman, the heart holds the first rank, and constitutes the fundamental element. Maternal love is the most constant, the most devoted, the most unalterable of all loves. If force be the dominant characteristic of man, Love is the peculiar attribute of woman.

LOVE ! LOVE ! oh, how thickly cluster, around that holy word, a thousand cherished associations ! Its memories are traced, in letters that time can never efface, deep, in the human heart ! Its lessons were the earliest we learned ; its language the first we spoke. The first sound that vibrated on our infant ears was the music of love. It fell from a mother's lips soft as the rush of a seraph's wings—sweet as the melody that floats from an arch-

angel's lyre. How quick beats the heart, as in mature years, when struggling with the adverse currents of life's restless ocean—sick with care and baffled hopes—memory revisits the scenes of childhood. The infant again sleeps in sinless slumber on the mother's bosom; once more, like the music of distant waters, come the tones of parental love; the silvery laugh of the bright-eyed sister falls upon the ear like a note of familiar harmony, and all the scenes of early years pass before the tearful eye, in the vivid freshness of reality, while over all, and through all, breathes the spirit of love. In its most exalted form, this principle exists in the bosom of the Great Ruler of the Universe. It is the law that governs the heavens.

In the interior of the family, woman,—wife and mother,—reigns by affection and tenderness; it is she who consoles, who encourages, and who, in establishing the unity of hearts, is the true source of domestic felicity. In society, it is still woman who by the inexhaustible riches of her heart, establishes among men, those bonds of fraternity as sweet and gentle as they are strong. An eloquent writer speaking upon this subject says, that "in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand;" and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, let him have to count over the

long dull hours of night, and wait alone, sleepless, till the gray dawn struggles into the chamber of suffering—let him be appointed to this ministry, even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is more perfect, will tire ; his eyes will close, and his spirit grow impatient of his dreamy task ; and though love and anxiety remain undisturbed, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of an irresistible selfishness, which indeed he may be ashamed of and struggle to reject, but which, in spite of all his efforts, remains to characterize his nature, and prove in one instance at least, manly weakness. But see a mother, a wife or a sister in his place. That woman feels no weariness, nor even forgetfulness. In silence, in the depth of night, she dwells, not only passively, but so far as the qualified terms may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir or whisper, or the breath of the now more than loved one who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her steps, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not awaken a mouse ; if she speaks, her words are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ears ; conveying all that sound can convey, of pity, comfort and devotion ; and thus night after night she tends him, like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly



watchfulness has failed ; her eyes never winking ; her mind never palls ; her nature, that at all other times was weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity ; herself forgotten, her sex alone predominant."

"What is woman ? Man's sweet angel !

Gentle, tender, calm, and kind—

Ever loving, ever faithful,

Is her soft and soothing mind ;

A beauteous flower, born to blossom,

Giving gladness to the eye ;

Half-designed for man's fond bosom,

Half a creature of the sky !

What is woman ? Ask her sorrow,

Know how deeply she can feel.

But when hope her heart would borrow,

Mark what joy she can reveal ;

O'er her cheek each pure emotion

Of her soul is seen to fly,

As fair clouds with chaste devotion

Fleet o'er Luna's face on high.

What is woman ? All forbearing,

Patient, prudent, seeming gay—

Though sad, inward thoughts are wearing,

All unspoken, life away.

Thus she is a flower's sweet blossom,

Giving gladness to the eye ;

Half designed for man's fond bosom,

Half a creature of the sky !"

These are the profound and characteristic differences, which render the alliance of the two sexes necessary, and conformed to the designs of Providence. It is necessary to unite together force and beauty, intellect and heart, soul and spirit; for being called to perfect each other, they cannot exist in isolation.

God, who has endowed the human race with various gifts necessary to its progress, has shared them equally between man and woman. If He has created them unlike, it is because He wished them to follow, under the sweet bonds of love, the paths of life together, and that enjoying the fulness of His gifts together, they cherish a deeper affection, that powerful charm which consoles, fortifies and unites them. Thus the conjugal relation is the law of God. We are so created, that we cannot expect to find perfection in isolation and solitude. As sex belongs to the soul as well as the body, wedlock is a union of souls, and one that endures forever. Souls separated here, that is, those destined for each other, will finally be drawn together by a mysterious sympathy, and advance hand in hand through the circles of eternity towards the Throne of Love.

Celibacy belongs only to a small number of superior spirits, hearts whose individual ambitions and loves are lost in the love of nation or Humanity, and who feel themselves especially called on to serve their entire race.

Humanity is their spouse, and their great deeds, their posterity. "The victories of Leuctra and Mitina are my immortal children," replied Epaminondas to those who had reproached him with being childless.

The will of the Creator, in relation to marriage, is written upon each one of us, in characters that cannot be effaced. One may conquer the flesh and its imperious needs, but there is that within us which cannot be destroyed. That vague sentiment of incompleteness in our personality, and those instinctive aspirations which warn us that, alone, we are wanting in the most efficient means of moral and spiritual advancement, can never be eradicated from our nature.

We should find it impossible, without great injury to our highest interests, to separate from the complementary half of ourselves, which ought to rejoice in all our joys, suffer in all our sorrows, double the one and alleviate the other, and encourage us to do justly and rightly, though it cost us suffering, and arrest us in the way of evil, notwithstanding the attraction of pleasure. In a word, to the many voices which call to us, and command us to conform to the designs of Nature, is joined the irresistible desire to transmit the benefit of life, so that we may find, in the love of children, at the same time, the most powerful encouragement to labor, and the surest means of moral elevation, and true happiness.

The love, which must form the basis of a happy marriage, must be a union of all the affections of the heart. It must be inspired, to revert to the illustration of Plato, —by both Venus Urania, and Venus Pandemos ; that is, it must be moral, spiritual and physical. If either of these is wanting, it is not true conjugal love, and cannot produce happiness. Spiritual love may exist without moral, and physical without either of them, and when this is the case, there must always be discord in the hearts which have been married, according to the usages of society, but not according to the order of Nature, and of God.

But when all these laws are united in equal proportion, in both husband and wife, a union is the result, which is fraught with such happiness as angels might envy, and which will be as perpetual as eternity. Such lovers are everything to each other. The wife looks to her husband as a god, and he, in his turn, adores her as the type of all that is beautifullest and best in the universe. They will think of each other as surpassing all others in the world, in the greatness of their love, and the perfection of their happiness. A Spanish poet has well described the effect of a true conjugal love in the following beautiful lines :

“What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
Your heart is love and kindness' throne,
And it becomes you to confer it
On him who gave you all his own;
And that as now, both firm and faithful,
So will you ever, ever be,—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
That I for you all else forgot;
And heaven's dark vengeance would have scathed me—
Its darkest vengeance—had I not.
My love, what envy will pursue us,
Thus linked in softest sympathy!—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of you, my gentle lady,
A thousand things in praises sweet,—
That other maidens may be lovely,
But none so lovely and discreet.
They will wreath for you the crown of beauty,
And you the queen of love shall be.—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

They will say of me, my gentle lady,
That I have found a prize divine,—
A prize too bright for toils so trifling,
So trifling as these toils of mine;

And that from heights so proud and lofty
Deeper the fall is wont to be.—
What of you and me, my lady,
What will they say of you and me?

BEAUTY.

The lily may die on thy cheek,
With freshness no longer adorning;
The rose that envelopes its whiteness, may seek
To take back her mantle of morning;
Yet still will love's tenderness beam from thine eye,
And ask for that homage no heart can deny.

Thy dark hair may blanch where it bends
Over eyes of cerulean hue,
That melt with the softness the summer noon lends
To mellow her pathway of blue;
Yet long will the smile that illumines thy brow
Live on, as it lives in thy loveliness now.

DAWES.

LOVE'S REMEMBRANCES.

O, ne'er can I forget thee, Love !
Though far from thee I roam,
Nor cease to hear that voice, my Love !
Which charmed me when at home ;
For, as old Time goes and returns,
The more intense my passion burns ;
Nor can the world, by whate'er art,
Remove thy image from my heart.
Where'er I walk, by grove or hill,
Thy queenly form is with me still ;
Each leaf, that rustles in the shade,
Reminds me of thy fairy tread ;
The zephyr, from the blooming heath,
Seems kindred to thy balmy breath ;
In tints vermilion of the morn,
I see thy modest blush re-born ;
From what is brightest, best, most fair ;
On earth below, in heaven above,
A voice like thine, I seem to hear,
Discoursing of thy changeless love !
How then can I forget thee, Love !
When all things mirror thee,
Or cease to prize that heart, my Love !
Which beats so faithfully.

ARNOLD.

I LIVE TO LOVE.

"I live to love," said a laughing girl,
And she playfully toss'd each flaxen curl ;
And she climb'd on her loving father's knee,
And snatch'd a kiss, in her childish glee.

"I live to love," said a maiden fair,
As she twined a wreath for her sister's hair ;
They were bound by the cords of love together,
And death alone could these sisters sever.

"I live to love," said a gay young bride,
Her loved one standing by her side ;
Her life told again what her lips had spoken,
And ne'er was the link of affection broken.

"I live to love," said a mother kind—
"I would live a guide to the infant mind ;"
Her precepts and examples given,
Guided her children home to heaven !

"I shall live to love," said a fading form,
And her eye was bright and her cheek grew warm,
As she thought in the blissful world on high,
She would live to love and never die.

And even thus in this lower world
Should the Banner of Love be wide unfurl'd ;
And when we meet in the world above,
May we love to live and live to love.

CHAPTER XI.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES, AND THEIR RELATIVE SPHERES OF ACTIVITY.

MAN and woman, united in marriage, ought to have, by reason of the particular character, which, in each of them, the human faculties assume, different functions, diverse duties, and a particular sphere of activity. Meanwhile, as complementary beings, there ought to exist between them, a common domain, where is realized the true ideal of marriage, and where a true conjugal union reigns supreme.

Man is created to modify nature,—enjoy her gifts, and neutralize her contrary influences. His mission is to make discoveries in the sciences, and improvement in the arts; and to him has been assigned the task of subjugating the external world, and improving constantly the condition of society.

The domain of woman is the interior of the family,—the inner sanctuary of the home; and in the natural order, the domestic circle is the first and highest sphere of her activity. To woman is confided the care of the house; a care involving so much delicacy, prudence, and patience; and in the discharge of this duty, she fills the place

of a familiar Providence. Consequently the husband, when he passes from the labors of the world to the quiet of his home, should lay aside the rough character, sometimes imposed upon him by the perplexities of business, and seek in that charmed circle,—in the society of his wife, and under the beaming sunshine of her smiles, repose of body, calmness of spirit, and consolation of heart.

A home, where the husband and wife are truly united,—a home radiant with love, and sanctified by virtue,—is the truest image we can find on earth of the heavenly felicity. The domestic altar there is always wreathed with garlands of flowers. These garlands never fade; this love never grows old. The wife's smile is always bright, and the husband's words are always full of love.

“Come, draw thy chair beside me, love,
The present cares beguile;
What though the Winter croons around,
There's Summer in thy smile!
Let all thy smiles beam on me now,
And o'er the Future throw
The radiance of the joy we shared,
So many years ago:

Ay, lean upon me lovingly,
And with those eyes of thine
Gaze, fondly, down the pictured Past,
As I do now with mine;

And may the golden light, which shone
Upon Hope's rosy glass,
Illumine all the mirror's disk
Whereon the visions pass.

How like the mirror on the wall—
Obscured by mists awhile,
Reflecting still the image there
When sunshine spreads a smile—
Is now the inward glass we search
For faded scenes of yore,
Which, warming in the light of love,
Will every tint restore. ”

The physical and moral education of children, during the first years of their life, occupies, in the sphere of a wife's duties, a rank as important as that of mistress of the house.

Strabo compliments the ancient Gauls highly for the domestic virtues of which we have spoken. “The women of Gaul”—he says, “make excellent mothers and are superior educators.” Patience, feminine tenderness, and delicacy,—these gentle daughters of maternal love, indicate that Providence has designed mothers to be the first guides of children in the ways of science and wisdom.

The interior administration of the house, and the education of the children, are therefore, the very first and most important of all the duties of a wife and mother.

Under no pretence ought she to fail in these duties ; and no motive should be considered sufficiently powerful to withdraw her from their accomplishment. Without being exclusive, these duties are of the very first importance, and all others are subordinate to them.

If, in the prosecution of the various labors, for which she has so many delicate and peculiar aptitudes, it is necessary for her to be separated from her husband for a time, in other cases, quite as numerous, it is her privilege and duty to be his most faithful and useful companion. Commerce and industry show us numberless examples every day, of women, who make themselves the most intelligent, active and devoted associates of their husbands in their various professions. Love then reveals its power in a new form, for it is conjugal, joined to maternal love, that gives energy to all the faculties of woman, which are necessary, to enable her to fulfil well all her duties as wife and mother.

In the higher professions, the husband finds in his wife, oftener than he thinks, an associate, a guide and a support. The painter, poet, man of letters, statesman, and philosopher even, have sometimes met in woman,—on admitting her to the circle of their thoughts and labors,—a counsellor, whom love endows with extraordinary gifts of insight, judgment and foresight. Her true office in such cases is to take the part of the invisible Egeria—

suggesting the truth, imparting the inspiration, but leaving to man the task of executing what her genius has revealed. Some writer has well remarked: "A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage." So everywhere; man executes the performances, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing, some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, her comfort."

As Numia Pompilius had his Egeria, as Columbus had his Isabella, so every man finds that his greatest and best deeds are inspired by some female heart, warmed and vivified by a devoted love.

It is necessary, it is true, that in the diverse spheres of life, we recognize the harmony of the two elements of the couple; but it is in the intimacy of the fireside, in the profoundest depths of the conjugal sanctuary, that the moral union is accomplished in all its perfection. It is there that, in the love of the same ideal, is established the real unity of the family. This ideal of life, —object of the same worship,—precious bond of souls, must be sought in concert,—by the husband with intelligence and wisdom, by the wife with heart and sentiment. Join the heart to the spirit, raise one by the other, if you would find Truth and Justice; especially

do not forget that only the love of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True can create durable affections.

Know also, O Husband, you who desire to be worthy of the name, that marriage consists not in obedience, in the abnegation of the female will, but in the union, on equal terms, of both wills. There is no true marriage, if the souls of the husband and wife do not vibrate in unison.

The husband elevates himself when he elevates his companion, and becomes purer by contact with the exquisite delicacy of sentiment which is treasured in her heart.

In the sacred sanctuary of home, love should show itself not only a comforter, a counsellor and master in all things, but a source of purity and moral progress. After the study of the end and aim of human life,—each day better and more nobly comprehended, should come the comparison of the practical realization with the ideal notion thereof. Before the domestic tribunal, the married couple should show to each other a supreme indulgence, and a benevolence without limits. Let neither your defects nor your sorrows, disturb nor weaken the sweet union of your souls. And in all your troubles and griefs, your struggles and labors, ask of Love, —the great physician,—a sovereign balm, whose magic power can heal every wound. Home, glorified by muta-

al loves and ennobled by intelligence, virtue and charity, is man's sacred asylum, where his weary, suffering heart finds tranquillity and peace.

"Home—how beautiful thou art!—how like an untaught religion!—a golden link between the soul and heaven!—when the presence of a pure heart makes thee radiant, and the music of their affection floats like the chorals of unseen cherubim around their tranquil hearth!"

Let us then return, at the close of this study, to the principle established at its beginning, viz.: that it is only in marriage we possess, in equal force, the two wings of which Plato speaks, which have been given us to bear us up to God,—REASON AND LOVE.

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S VIGIL.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! the love, surpassing others,
That our sweetest dreams recall!
Oh! the tender love of mothers—
Purest, truest love of all!

“Sleep, my cherub girl! sweet blossom,
Clinging to the parent tree;
That bright face, that warms my bosom,
Oh! how dear its light to me!
Soft as moonlight shed on roses,
Smiles that angel mouth adorn;
Sleep! all nature now reposes—
Sleep! my purest love's first-born!
Softly sleep, while I keep
Vigil for thee.

“Though so helpless now, and tender,
Cradled in these loving arms,
Hope, in all her rainbow splendor,
Plays around those infant charms.
How thy father's step still lingers,
Kissing oft, with fond delight,
Rosy cheek and fairy fingers,
Ere he bids his last ‘Good night?’
Softly sleep!

"Sleep! thy mother's lip caressing,
Prints the budding bloom of thine;
Sleep! thy father's whisper'd blessing
Hovers round thy baby shrine.
Hear us, oh! our God and Maker!
Lord of life, oh! hear our prayer!
Bless thine own sweet gift, and take her
Under thine Almighty care!
Softly sleep!"

A GOOD WIFE.

BY SOPHOCLES, B. C. 491.

Faithful—as the lone shepherd's trusty pride;
True—as the helm, the bark's protecting guide;
Firm—as the shaft that props the tow'ring dome;
Sweet—as to the shipwreck'd seaman land and home;
Lovely—as a child, the parent's sole delight;
Radiant—as morn that breaks a stormy night;
Grateful—as streams that, in some deep recess,
With crystal rills the panting trav'ler bless.

CHAPTER XII.

WOMAN'S DUTY TO HER HUSBAND.

THERE is nothing new in the remark, that much of the happiness of domestic life depends upon woman. A home is a heaven or a hell—it is light with joy, or dark with bitterness and chagrin, according to her will. She naturally controls the spirit of man—she is the acknowledged sovereign of his heart, and her responsibility is correspondingly great. Associated in his thoughts with all his highest ideas of excellence, her image mingling with all his affections, sympathies, hopes and aspirations, he recognizes her superiority, and is silent before her, as in the presence of a divinity. Now, if she could only understand this, and, by judiciously exercising her power, retain and strengthen it, there would be far more happier homes than there are now. By patience, by steady affection, by unwearied gentleness and soft words, a wife will save her husband from the seductions of the world, from dissipation, and perhaps ruin, and thus secure the happiness and purity of home. The surest guaranty of a husband's fidelity and virtue is the consciousness that he is loved with entire devotion ; that all his wife's thoughts,

hopes and wishes, centre in him. /If he feels that her virtue is above all suspicion, in thought, as in deed, if she meet him ever with embraces full of passion and ardor, he will be a brute indeed, if he goes forth to prostrate himself before "strange gods." All his thoughts and affections will turn towards his home, and the dear treasure there enshrined, as the rapt vision of the saint fastens on the heavenly inheritance above. His wife will be his type of the divinity, and his home will be the foreshadow of his heaven. Hand in hand with the partner of his joys and griefs, he marches boldly forth to the great combat of life. The storm howls around him, the sea roars, the red lightning flashes, and the thunder rolls, but they cannot touch the charmed circle in which he stands. Such is the paradise it is woman's prerogative to create. But she may also create a hell. Alas ! and too often is this the case. When, wearied with toil, and perplexed by the affairs of life, the husband returns to his home, and is met with a frowning brow, a cold embrace, and looks of indifference or of gloom, it is not difficult to predict what will be the final result. All that is bright and beautiful—affection, hope, sympathy, courtesy, will soon die—coldness and desolation will come to that domestic hearth, and hissing, fiery serpents will coil around that altar, which ought to be twined with wreaths of divinest love.

Wives, some times, under the influence of mistaken notions of justice, indulge in a spirit of *retaliation*. This is always an unsafe business. The husband's brow may frequently be shrouded in gloom by business troubles, which his very affections, his tenderness to his wife's feelings, may keep him from communicating to her. What injustice and cruelty would it be for her to pay him, for his gloomy looks, "in his own coin?" And more, what should we think of the purity of that woman who would unblushingly say before the world, that her virtue depended upon the virtue of her husband; or that, on the least suspicion of infidelity, on his part, she would give herself up to all sorts of debauchery and vice? We once heard this abominable thought expressed, and could not help feeling, as we looked on the face of that misguided being, that another star had been stricken from the skies; that another angel had fallen from the celestial sphere! Such a woman has no virtue—nay, with her, virtue is an impossibility! She has no security. Ready to believe any calumny, however false, uttered against her husband, she cares nothing for his honor, nor her own duty. But this is an aspect, thank heaven, in which we do not often see our sex. On the contrary, with them, the ideas of virtue and vice are more positive things, than with man. Woman has an innate sentiment of purity—an instinctive modesty, which forms an

almost impregnable wall around her. She naturally flees from a vicious atmosphere, and shrinks from the bare touch of vice. Her ideal of virtue is far above that of man; her standard of perfection is higher, and consequently her influence is ever exalting and improving.

Finally, woman should never lose her faith in virtue. Should her husband err, she will at last reclaim him, by showing that she yet retains her confidence in him,—and loves him with all the devotion of a woman's heart. The husband will blush to have his faults known to such a friend, and will seek to conquer them. The love and faith and virtue of the wife may save the husband.

He will ever look towards his home as towards the sanctuary of virtue and peace. Returning from his labors or the perplexities of business, he will be thinking of the love and kindness, and the thousand little offices of affection which will welcome him to his fireside. This ineffable feeling of content and peace which a returning husband is conscious of when approaching his home, where he knows loved ones are waiting to embrace him, has more than once expressed itself in song. More than one husband has felt the spirit of the following resounding through his heart, if his lips have never uttered the words:

RAINY and rough sets the day,—

There's a heart beating for somebody ;

I must be up and away.—

Somebody's anxious for somebody.

Thrice hath she been to the gate,—

Thrice hath she listen'd for somebody ;

'Midst the night, stormy and late,

Somebody's waiting for somebody.

There'll be a comforting fire,—

There'll be a welcome for somebody ;

One, in her neatest attire,

Will look to the table for somebody.

Though the stars fled from the west,

There is a star yet for somebody,

Lighting the home he loves best,

Warming the bosom of somebody.

There'll be a coat o'er the chair,

There will be slippers for somebody ;

There'll be a wife's tender care,—

Love's fond embracement for somebody.

There'll be the little one's charms,—

Soon 'twill be wakened for somebody ;

When I have both in my arms,

Oh! but how blest will be somebody !

MY HEART SPEAKS TO THINE.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

THE wild wind 's abroad o'er the earth, my love,
The stirrer of tempest and storm,
And see how the cloud shapen warriors above
Their hosts on the battlefield form ;
On, onward, in close serried ranks they come,
The stars in their watch to appal,
And as armies on earth to the stirring drum,
They march at the thunderers call !

The moon struggled up from the silver tipped wave,
With a flush and an angry brow,
But darkness, as black as the hungry grave,
Is enshrouding her pallid face now ;
Low down in the West is a fringe of soft light,
That edges with gold a dark cloud ;
One glow worm star stands alone in the night,
And the owlets are shrieking aloud.


The grass is as dry as the mourner's tear,
When hot tears there are none to weep ;
And the swallow is scared from its perch on high,
While the infant moans in its sleep ;
A wail of lost spirits is on the breeze,
That rattles the lattices round,
And rustles the leaves on the tossing trees,
With a chill and a moaning sound.

I have waited full long for this elfish hour,
For down in my bosom's strange deep,
An echo responds to the weird-like power,
That startles the winds from their sleep :
They may tremble, who will, at the lightning's blaze,
At the flash of each fiery dart,
I still on its fierceness and splendor can gaze,
Undismayed and unshrinking at heart.

I know that thy nature is like unto mine,
As a star may look down on the sea,
And back from the deep its own image will shine—
Thus my soul is reflected in thee.
The pen that I hold, with its sharp point of steel,
Is alluring the lightning's blue flame,
And I know at this moment thy spirit will feel,
A rapture too deep for a name.

For the wires that stretch from East unto West,
(Swift messengers winged by light)
Thrill not so soon to the magnet's sure test,
As these chords that our beings unite.
Though seas should divide, and between us should rise,
A desert—a wilderness wide,
In my heart's inmost core there quickening lies,
A something would leap to thy side.

In sunshine and tempest, in weal and in woe,
Beloved, wherever thou art,
With whatever of sorrow thy heart shall o'erflow,
Or of joy that shall gladden thy heart,—



I still will be with thee to suffer and share—
To mingle my hopes with thy fears,
For the love that life's danger and evil can dare,
Cannot die with the perishing years.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

THE kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live,
To pity and perhaps forgive.
But the infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all —
A blemish, or a sense impaired —
Are crimes so little to be spared.
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state;
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary by attention;
But lives, when that exterior grace
Which first inspired the flame, decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure

Those evils it would gladly cure ;
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression,
Shows love to be a mere profession ;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

Oh ! in our sterner manhood, when no ray
Of earlier sunshine glimmers on our way,
When girt with sin and sorrow, and the toil
Of cares, which tear the bosom that they soil ;
Oh ! if there be in retrospection's chain
One link that knits us with young dreams again,
One thought so sweet we scarcely dare to muse
On all the hoarded raptures it reviews,
Which seems each instant, in its backward range,
The heart to soften, and its ties to change,
And every spring untouched for years to move,
It is — THE MEMORY OF A MOTHER'S LOVE !

CHAPTER XIII.

DUTY OF AMERICAN MOTHERS—EDUCATION.

A GOOD education, agreeable to an old adage, is a handsome fortune. True, if rightly applied—if abused, a curse. It is not our intention here to elucidate the advantages of a good education, nor the evils of a bad one—neither to discriminate between the two, nor cavil at the branches now taught. On the contrary, we hail with pleasure the opening of Free Academies and public schools, thus offering facilities for the acquirement of knowledge to all classes. Why ought not the mechanic the laboring man, and their children, to have the same opportunities afforded them as the *Mammon*-raised gentry? Should crippled means present barriers to those who live by the sweat of their brow? Enough, the chains which have so long bound the public mind are burst asunder, and wisdom crieth aloud that it is only the ignorant who have anything to fear from the dissemination of knowledge!

The establishing of Free Schools is one of the brightest epochs in the onward career of America. This one step of a republican government will stand translucent,

scattering far and wide its rays, and immortalize the New World for ages to come. But to our task. We purpose to show the *absurdity* of the present course of education pursued by the parents and guardians, with respect to their daughters and orphans placed under their care.

Now-a-days, Seminaries for young ladies are plentiful. Here they are instructed in all the branches requisite to enable them to move in the highest sphere of life. Spanish, French, Italian, German, Science with all her sister arts, and even classics are not withheld. Certainly there can be no objection to this wide range: a woman has the same capacities of acquiring knowledge as man, and is equally capable of rightly applying it. Time was when the education of females was limited. Civilized society at present justly affords them facilities for a high and liberal education. Collectively this is well; but when we come to analyze the consequences which result therefrom, its evils will stand prominent.

The brightest hope of a mother, in gazing on her infant daughter, is,—when she grows up, she may give her that which no human hand can tear from her—an education—make her a lady in every sense of the word. This done her duty is performed. Balls, parties and gayeties in every shape or form are next had recourse to, in order to ensnare some wealthy gent—a little “cooing” and

then is launched forth into the world this accomplished young lady as a married woman !

“ Girls are at best but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scent and hues are rather guessed than known. ”

Now, she has different duties to perform : singing, dancing, and music must be partially laid aside, and that of which she lacked most the knowledge while under her maternal roof, she remains totally ignorant of, forsooth, because she was not brought up to it. Important household duties become neglected, extravagancies encouraged, and domestic happiness thus ruffled. This *fault*, and a great one it is, rests with mothers. Daughters have to thank them for the misery they afterwards endure in wedded life. However high in life the station of woman may be, she should not be above applying her hands to the fulfilment of domestic duties ; for who can tell when adverse fortune may compel her to employ those hands as nature intended them ? Certainly to be able to do so is no disgrace. With the duties of a kitchen she ought to be familiar, for unless she be so, how can she superintend it ? Men, when they marry, need domestic comforts, and to whom are they to look for them but to their *wives* ?

"But families of less illustrious fame,
Whose chief distinction is their spotless name,
Whose heirs—their honors none, their income small,
Must shine by true desert, or not at all."

So with every wife, the more domesticated she be, the greater is she prized.

Modern mothers think if they can teach their daughters to sing, to dance, play on the piano, and to be able to dress them well, their object is accomplished. Yes, vainly done! but without any practical benefit. If her ambition be gratified, she exults at the idea of having a daughter, styled—"Miss is such a fine accomplished young lady!" She is forbid the kitchen as being "*infra dig*;" likewise, lest she soil her too delicate fingers by the kneading of pastry, and they look clumsy to touch lightly the notes of a "Chickering's" or "Nunn and Clark's" superior Grand. At the idea of washing a collar or cuff, she would faint—and should her wearing apparel need the assistance of a seamstress, Miss is too much of a lady to ply her needle, except it be to the tasty arrangement of a point or Brussels lace on her dress. This then is the present course pursued by mothers and guardians—no exaggerated statement, but a plain unvarnished fact.

Women possess a vast share of influence. Man may advise, and think his power supreme; but without noting it to the will of woman, he must be subservient.

“Pity ’tis true—’tis true ’tis pity.”

Be it either a weakness or vanity in woman, this system of education is highly censurable—its evils are every day apparent—families are being ruined—the seeds of discontent are being sown, maturing only to make wedded life still more wretched. One great bane, attending the instilling of high and lofty notions in the minds of young girls, may not perhaps have been noticed; nevertheless, it is too lamentable a fact. A young man with a moderate competency, and desirous of entering the matrimonial state, is deterred doing so from the *extraordinary expectations* of his lady-love. Mark the result; a prey to disappointment, he yields to all kinds of extravagance; the bar, the billiard table and the bowling saloon are his resorts, and reckless companions his bosom friends.

Thus does he continue to squander away his money, vowing eternal celibacy, when, as a rational being, he might live in the happy society of a domesticated and affectionate wife, had he but the chance to marry.

“Vice is a monster of so hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft—familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity—then love—embrace.”


Profligacy and vice become thus encouraged—hardened and endured, young men pursue this reckless course,

till fortune sees fit to smile upon them once more—they either quiet down as married men, or die old bachelors ! The evil rests not with men alone—eventually, young ladies suffer ; finding their expectations unrealized, they are compelled at a comparatively advanced age to choose between two alternatives, either to accept that which they before refused, or pass their remaining days as happy old maids !

These, then are the evils—many more might be enumerated. What then is to be done ? How is this reformation to be wrought ? are queries easily propounded. Mothers, it rests with you—shake off the pomp and vanity of worldly notions ; nay combine with them utility. Teach your daughters to be thoroughly domesticated. This can be done without neglecting the higher branches of education. By doing so you make your daughters ornaments to society—blessed companions to husbands and worthy mothers !

Heroes have been immortalized for their deeds—Statesmen for their actions—Orators for their eloquence, and Divines for their example. Work but this reformation, modern mothers, and your names will be immortalized, and held up as bright examples for centuries to come, and for future generations to follow.

The greatest boon conferred on society will be due to your exertions.



THE LIGHT AT HOME.

THE light at Home! how bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall;
And from the lattice far its gleams,
To love, and rest, and comfort call.
When wearied with the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold, or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will lisp our name,
Around the light at home!

When through the dark and stormy night,
The wayward wanderer homeward hies,
How cheering is that twinkling light,
Which through the forest gloom he spies!
It is the light at home. He feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And safely through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care,
Around the light at home.

The light at home! When'er at last
It greets the seaman through the storm,
He feels no more the chilling blast,
That beats upon his manly form.
Long years upon the sea have fled,

Since Mary gave her parting kiss,
But the sad tears which she then shed,
Will now be paid with rapturous bliss,
Around the light at home.


The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door —
The weary laborer to greet —

When the rough toils of day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that the beams impart,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest heart,
Around the light at home.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

I DREAM of thee, my Childhood's Home!
At night my weary brain
Is filled with dreams of that fair land,
I ne'er shall see again.
Again I wander o'er the hills,
Where bright streams ever glide;
And 'neath the pine tree sit and muse,
Upon the mountain side.

Again upon the rocky cliff,
I list to the ocean's roar;
And with its low, sweet, soothing tones,
Come golden dreams once more.



THE IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

Dreams of a future bright and high,
And life one flowery way;
Ere *time* had shown a darker path,
And quenched hope's glowing ray.

I've wandered far in other lands,
More beautiful and fair,
With brighter skies and fairer flowers;
And now oppressed with care,
I lay me down at eve's decline,
And brighter dreams will come,
Of scenes less fair, yet dearer far,
Of thee, my Childhood's Home.

TRUE BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

WHAT's a fair or noble face,
If the mind ignoble be?
What though beauty, in each grace,
May her own resemblance see?
Eyes may catch from Heaven their spell,
Lips the ruby's light recall;
In the home for love to dwell,
One good feeling's worth them all.

Give me virtue's rose to trace,
Honor's kindling glance and mien;
Howsoever plain the face,
Beauty is where these are seen!

Raven ringlets o'er the snow
Of the whitest neck may fall ;
In the home for love we know
One good feeling 's worth them all!

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

WHAT IS HOME without a MOTHER?

What are all the joys we meet,
When her living smile no longer
Greets the coming of our feet ?
The days seem long, the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on ;
And Oh, how few are childhood's pleasures,
When her gentle care is gone.

Things we prize are first to vanish,
Hearts we love to pass away ;
And how soon, e'en in our childhood,
We behold her turning gray.
Her eye grows dim, her step is slow,
Her joys of earth are past,
And before we learn to know her,
She has breathed on earth her last.

Other hearts may have their sorrows ;
Griefs that quickly die away ;
But a mother lost in childhood
Grieves the heart from day to day.

We miss her kind and willing hand,
Her fond and earnest care ;
And O, how drear is life around us,
What 's HOME without a MOTHER there ?

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

"THE rights of woman"—what are they ?
The right to labor and to pray ;
The right to watch while others sleep ;
The right o'er others' woes to weep ;
The right to succor in distress ;
The right while others curse to bless ;
The right to love while others scorn ;
The right to comfort all who mourn ;
The right to shed new joy on earth ;
The right to feel the soul's high worth ;
The right to lead the soul to God
Along the path the Savior trod —
The path of meekness and of love ;
The path of faith that leads above ;
The path of patience under wrong ;
The path in which the weak grow strong.
Such woman's rights, and God will bless
And crown their champions with success.

CHAPTER XIV.

WOMAN THE NATURAL EDUCATOR OF CHILDREN.

No education will prove successful, nor beneficial, which is not presided over by love; and the children, if possible, should always be trained under the supervision of the mother. In her alone can be found an eye which can penetrate their moral nature, and thoroughly comprehend it; and a discipline patient and steady, capable of adapting to their character and capacity the lessons which are intended to enlighten their minds and form their hearts.

The first necessary qualification of an instructor is love. No teacher can be successful unless he is moved by love, and through that love, wins the love and affection of the pupil. Socrates, the great preceptor of youth, one day, returned a young person to the care of his father, saying: "I can teach him nothing; he loves me not — masters and pupils have a common master, viz., affection. He who assumes the office of instructor, and does not love the one he would instruct, is like a man who takes a farm, but instead of laboring to fertilize it, only seeks to get from it the greatest immediate profit.

The teacher, on the contrary, who is actuated by love, resembles the proprietor of a field, who brings everything within the sphere of his ability, to enrich the object of his affection."

All men have identically the same faculties, but they differ in each individual, by their force, and the manner in which they are grouped around the one, which governs the other, and determines their character. To educate a child, is to preside over the growth and gradual development of its powers, leaving them their normal co-ordination, or, in other words, respecting its personality, and causing to ripen all the divine fruits, whose germs have been planted in its soul. To destroy man's own nature, for the purpose of transforming him into an artificial being, is an irreparable fault. To take him as he issues from the divine mould, and cast him into a human one, necessarily too narrow and too deformed, is to mar with sacrilegious hand, the perfect work of the Creator; it is to destroy it, in striving to deform it, instead of improving it, according to the designs of the Divine Wisdom.

No qualifications for such an office can equal the maternal instinct—no master is superior to the mother, or can worthily take her place; for she is the natural source from which the child draws moral, as well as physical sustenance. Notwithstanding the difficulties in

the way of discharging those sublime duties, the good mother, feeling that God has called her to the work, addresses herself to it with enthusiasm and joy. It was Mary who educated the Christ, and who, *through him, bruised the serpent's head*. This energetic expression indicates the power to vanquish evil, which that man has who, during the first years of his life, has received into his heart the tender, yet powerful inspirations of his mother's soul.

Premature public education often effaces from the human character all individual traits. During the tender years of childhood, one may easily destroy in the soul of the child, the most precious fountains of moral life, the germs of his originality and worth. The instructor, therefore, ought to be patient, gentle, and full of tenderness, regulate his step by that of his pupil, accommodate himself to his capacity, occupy himself with his heart, rather than with his mind, and, in a word, have all the special qualities of a woman and a mother. The true way to enlighten the head, is to approach it through the mysterious ways of the heart.

But the parental influence and training ought never to be completely interrupted, and will not. The practical life of both parents will impress the thoughts and the heart of the child, and he will learn as much by what he sees, as by what he is taught. If he is the

constant witness of the exemplary life of those who have given him existence, that life influences all his, and forms his character much better than the most elaborate lessons. Nothing can fill the place of this precious influence ; and it is much to be lamented, when a child, who ought to feel it every day surrounding him like an invisible Providence, is for long years deprived of it.

CHILDREN.

From "The Child of the Islands."

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

Yes, deem her mad! for holy is the sway
Of that mysterious sense which bids us bend
Toward the young souls new clothed in helpless clay—
Fragile beginnings of a mighty end—
Angels unwinged—which human care must tend
Till they can tread the world's rough path alone,
Serve for themselves, or in themselves offend.
But God o'erlooketh all from his high throne,
And sees, with eyes benign, their weakness—and our own!

Therefore we pray for them, when sunset brings
Rest to the joyous heart and shining head;
When flowers are closed, and birds fold up their wings,
And watchful mothers pass each cradle-bed
With hushed soft steps, and earnest eyes that shed
Tears far more glad than smiling! Yea, all day
We bless them; while, by guileless pleasure led,
Their voices echo in their gleesome play,
And their whole careless souls are making holiday.

And if, by Heaven's inscrutable decree,
Death calls, and human skill is vain to save;
If the bright child that clambered to our knee,
Cold and inactive, fills the silent grave;

Then with what wild lament we moan and rave !
What passionate tears fall down in ceaseless shower !
There lies Perfection !—there, of all life gave—
The bud that would have proved the sweetest flower
That ever woke to bloom within an earthly bower !

For, in *this* hope our intellects abjure
All reason—all experience—and forego
Belief in that which only is secure,
Our natural chance and share of human woe.
The father pitieth David's heart-struck blow,
But for himself, such augury defies,
No future Absalom *his* love can know ;
No pride, no passion, no rebellion lies
In the unsullied depth of those delightful eyes !

Their innocent faces open like a book,
Full of sweet prophecies of coming good ;
And we who pore thereon with loving look,
Read what we most desire, not what we should ;
Even that which suits own Ambition's mood.
The Scholar sees distinction promised there—
The Soldier, laurels in the field of blood—
The Merchant, venturous skill and trading fair—
None read of broken hope—of failure—of despair !

Nor ever can a Parent's gaze behold
Defect of Nature, as a Stranger doth ;
For these (with judgment true, severe, and cold)
Mark the ungainly step of heavy Sloth—
Coarseness of features—tempers easy wroth :
But those, with dazzled hearts such errors spy,

(A halo of indulgence circling both :)
The plainest child a stranger passes by,
Shows lovely to the sight of some enamored eye !

The Mother looketh from her latticed pane—
Her children's voices echoing sweet and clear :
With merry leap and bound her side they gain,
Offering their wild field-flow'rets : all are dear,
Yet still she listens with an absent ear :
For, while the strong and lovely round her press,
A halt uneven step sounds drawing near :
And all she leaves, that crippled child to bless,
Folding him to her heart, with cherishing caress.

Yea, where the Soul denies illumined grace,
(The last, the worst, the fatallest defect :)
She, gazing earnest in that idiot face,
Thinks she perceives a dawn of intellect :
And, year by year, continues to expect
What Time shall never bring, e're Life be flown :
Still loving, hoping—patient, though deject,
Watching those eyes that answer not her own—
Near him—and yet how far ! with him—but still alone !

Want of attraction *this* love cannot mar :
Years of Rebellion cannot blot it out :
The Prodigal, returning from afar,
Still finds a welcome, giv'n with song and shout !
The Father's hand, without reproach or doubt,
Clasps his—who caused them all such bitter fears :
The Mother's arms encircle him about :
That long dark course of alienated years,
Marked only by a burst of reconciling tears !

CHAPTER XV.

WOMAN A HEROINE BY NATURE.

A FRENCH writer has well remarked that—"Wherever misfortune casts her persecutions, woman comes upon the scene to neutralize her power. Between her and suffering there exists a mysterious bond, which she appears to have neither the will nor the power to break. Without wishing to take away the merit of that delicate, touching sentiment, which makes a part of her being, and which is the fountain from which springs all her goodness, a person in a light, jesting moment would say that the compassion of woman is nearly allied to the feeling of coquetry; for pity and tears suit her so well, the sight of misfortune gives an expression so tender and gracious to her features, that one is almost tempted to believe that she shows herself good, but to appear the more beautiful.

"One knows not the whole influence of woman—knows not the grand principles of goodness which occupy her soul, and what ingenious resources her mind will furnish to embalm and soothe the wounded spirit, unless they have known her in the frightful retreats of the

prison, where misery and suffering appear to be the whole portion of existence, but from which hope is never excluded as long as she is permitted to enter.

“Deprived of her liberty in many parts of the globe, she feels no resentment against the tyrants who have fettered her freedom, but on the contrary, with all the warm principles of inherent affection, clings still closer to their hard and unfeeling bosoms. Her mission is to sweeten our cares, to indulge our caprices, to calm us and render us better. She may sometimes prove unfaithful at the period of prosperity, but is always true in the hour of adversity.

“To illustrate the opinions that we have advanced, we will appeal to history. There we will find the touching events that encompasses the name of Eponina, who followed her husband, Sabinus, from cavern to cavern, and who, at last, perishes so cruelly by the order of Vespa-sian. We can cite, also, as interesting and forcible examples, the names of Arria and Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus.

“More near us, no less a sublime and beautiful illustration, we can find the noble daughter of the Chancellor Thomas Moore, who wished to share the prison of her illustrious father, and accompanied him upon the scaffold; that after having purchased, at the price of her whole fortune, the bloody head of her unfortunate

parent, was accused of treason, for preserving this sacred relict in her cabinet—of reading incessantly his works, thereby fostering and encouraging sentiments hostile to the existing government. Intrepid in the presence of her judges, it was not her life, but the character of her father that she defended with so much eloquence, when a reproach was uttered against it. Such carelessness of self in the hour of danger; such noble and heroic devotion to paternal memory, so softened and tempered the minds of her judges, that she escaped judgment.

“It is scarcely necessary that we should speak of Mademoiselle de Scuderi, who, that she might convey to the unfortunate Plesson, confined in prison, letters and ink necessary to write his justification, made use of a crowd of means more spiritual, more like *fairy* creations, than those found in the most imaginative romances.

“We need not refer you to the pages of the French revolution, where lives recorded for time and posterity, the generous devotedness, the sublime actions, the touching cares, the dangers cleared, the sorrows sweetened, which have elevated to the first rank the character of the French women who lived in those discordant times.

“We need not recall the angelic devotedness of Madame de Lafayette, in the prisons of Olmutz, of Madame de Lavalette, in the same situation, and of another lady

of that name, who met her death in America. History has already consecrated these glorious names; she has touched them with her magic wand, giving them an eternal youth."

The same author, quoted above, giving an account of a visit to *St. Pelagie*, a celebrated prison of France, presents some interesting facts, which show that even in the dark shadows of life, woman retains her heroic character. He says :

"I will bring you now to see spectacles that are apparent to your senses; that are among us, and will, perhaps, more fully illustrate the touching character of woman, than the antiquated array of bygone examples. I wish to take you to the prison of *St. Pelagie*, on a Thursday or Sunday, which are the days that the unfortunate captives are permitted to receive the visits of their parents and friends.

"I will here make a remark founded upon observation, that women, when their mission is to the unfortunate, appear to have no other thoughts agitating their mental world, but those of sympathy and love. All, it matters not of what class or degree, appear to come but for one object—to soothe and comfort. All appear to possess, in an equal degree, the charming art to alleviate misfortune, to sustain courage, to inspire hope, and,

in a word, to pour upon the wounds of the heart the balm which alone their ingenious delicacy can prepare.

“ Among the large mass of women collected in the *St. Pelagie*, I was shown a young girl, who had come, twice a week, on foot, from *Nanterra*, to visit her *amant*, in prison, and to bring him little delicacies of which he was fond. It was hailing the day that I saw her, and I made the inquiry why she had turned out in such inclement weather? I listened with delicate compassion to the little falsehoods her heart suggested, to lessen the merit of her devotedness: ‘that it did not rain at the time she departed from home; that when the shower commenced, she had the happiness of meeting mother Francois, and that good milk-woman had taken her in her little covered cart, and conducted her almost to the *St. Pelagie*.’ All the while she was relating this, her garments were dripping in the rain, and she made a significant sign to an old man who accompanied her, not to contradict her.

“ Upon another bench, in the saloon of the prison, I saw a woman yet almost beautiful, though in the decline of life, pressing to her heart, with grief and tenderness, two conflicting passions, which only woman knows how beautifully to blend, a young man, whose crimes had consigned him to captivity; the husband, who accompanied her, turned with anger and contempt from a son

whose conduct had called the blush of shame to his cheek, and dishonor to his name ; and taking advantage of the moment his back was turned, the pitying and loving mother slipped a purse into the hand of her son, which she had concealed in her bosom.

“ I recognized, in every woman that I saw in that frightful place, the same mission, the same holy expression of love and pity lighting their features, and reflecting the tempered rays of hope and consolation upon the hearts that were darkened and bowed with misery. Mother, daughter, spouse, friend or mistress were occupied with a common care and common solicitude.

“ Maternal tenderness, filial pity, love and friendship are not the only virtues which occupy the female heart. There have been many instances in which the sex have performed feats of courage and patriotism—been guided by a chivalric sense of honor that would have elevated the most exalted heroism. I will cite only one illustration, which occurred during my sojourn at *St. Pelagie*. It is the letter of Madam——, to her husband, which I will give at length, for the benefit of the reader.

“ ‘ You know to what a degree you are dear to me—you are now in a place of security, but there is an accusation resting against you in the court, connecting you with infamy. I wish you, then, to return, to render yourself a prisoner to answer the charge, since there are

no other means for your justification. Your judges are men possessing the weaknesses of humanity—your innocence may not be apparent to them—you may lose your life; but I know you too well to suppose that you would put it in the balance against the loss of your honor, of mine, and that of your children.' Suffice it to say that the husband returned, was tried and acquitted."

Here even in the most unfavorable circumstances, we see the heroism of woman's nature flaming out, and casting a divine radiance down through the darkest places of earth. Women, responding to our Ideal, may be found in all ranks—even in the lowest,—who deserve altars and homage, as much as the Florence Nightingales or any of their more favored sisters.

WOMAN SUMMONED TO THE MINISTRY OF
CHARITY.

COME hither, lady, come !

Thou art gloriously fair —
And thine eyes are purer, brighter,
Than the jewels in thy hair.
There is music in thy motions—
There is perfume in thy smile—
Gentle lady, wilt thou listen
To the poet's song awhile ?

I'll tell thee, lady bright—
Nay, incline thy lofty head !—
I will tell thee of thy sisters,
Who are famishing for bread.
Through the weary midnight toiling,
Through the chill and dreary day ;
They are *sisters*, lovely lady—
Pr'ythee list the Poet's lay.

Thy sisters call to thee,
O, thou beautiful and bright !
See ! their eyes are dull and sunken,
And their cheeks are thin and white !
Look ! their foreheads burn with fever,
While their hearts are chill with fear !—
Thou art weeping, beauteous lady—
Heaven bless thee for that tear !

THE IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

List, gentle lady, list —
Thou wilt hear the smothered sighs
Of the hopeless one who liveth,
Of the happier one who dies.
Thou hast sisters who are outcast —
Yet through misery they erred:
They are pining — yea, they perish
For a single kindly word!

Come hither, lady, come!
There are hearts which thou mayst warm:
Be an angel in thy mercies,
As thou hast an angel form.
Come and soothe thy suffering sisters,
Fair and gentle as thou art —
O, the poor are always with thee:
They are knocking at thy heart.

THE FRIEND OF OUR DARKER DAYS.

'Twas said, when the world was fresh and young,
That the friends of earth were few;
And shrines have blazed and harps have rung
For the hearts whose love was true.
And so, when the furrowing tracks of Time
Lie deep on the old earth's brow,
The faith so prized in her early prime
Shall we hope to find it now?


It may be found—like the aloe's bloom
In the depth of Western woods,

To which a hundred springs may come,
Yet wake not its starry bud :
But if, through the mists of wintry skies,
It shine on life's weary ways
What star in the summer heavens will rise
Like that friend of our darker days ?

We know there are hands and smiles to greet
Our steps on the summit fair—
But lone are the climber's weary feet
Where the steep lies bleak and bare :
For some have gained far heights and streams
To their sight with morning crowned—
But the sunrise shed on their hearts' first dreams
And its light they never found !

Yet oh, for the bright isles seen afar,
When our sails were first unfurled—
And the glance that once was a guiding star
Of our green, unwithered world !
And oh, for the voice that spake in love
Ere we heard the cold world's praise :
One gourd in our promised noon, to prove
Like the friend of our darker days !

Alas ! we have missed pure gems, that lay
Where the rock seemed stern and cold ;
And our search hath found but the hidden clay,
Where we dreamt of pure bright gold.
And dark is the night of changing years
That falls on the trust of youth,
Till the thorns grow up, and the tangled tares,
In the stronghold of its truth.



The shrines our household gods, perchance,
We have seen their brightness wane :
And the love which the heart can give but once
It may be given in vain :
But still from the graves of wishes young,
From the depth of Memory's maze,
One blessing springs to the heart and tongue
For the friend of our darker days.

THE LUXURY OF LUXURIES.

BY W. HURTON.

Go, thou, and wipe away the tear which dims the widow's eye,
Be a father to the fatherless, and still the orphan's sigh ;
Help thou thy brother in distress with open hand and heart ;
But do thou this when seen by none, save him who dwells apart.
Rejoice with those of spirit glad, upraise the drooping head,
And to the wretched let thy words bring back the hope long fled ;
Forgive us as thou wouldst be forgiven, and for thy fellows live,
Be happy in the happiness thou canst to others give.
These are the heavenly luxuries the poorest can enjoy ;
These are the blissful banquets of which men never cloy.
Rich and poor, old and young, know this as ye should—
The luxury of luxuries is that of doing good !

CHAPTER XVI.

WIDOWHOOD.

Nothing is more certain than that death will come, sooner or later, to separate,—temporarily we believe—the hearts which love has united, and this separation falls with a double weight of affliction on woman's tender soul. But, although the earthly bond which united the fond wife to her husband has been broken, the love that bound them together,—if it were true,—death has no power to destroy. It unites them still, and will, through eternity, in an everlasting wedlock. The true woman, who has been united by a divine marriage,—such as we have heretofore described,—will always wear upon her heart the weeds of widowhood.

We remember to have seen somewhere the following touching little apologue, wherein is revealed a heart, widowed, but still retaining, through long, long years, in affections forever loyal, and fresh, and young, the remembrance of our truly loved but early lost.

THE UNFAIDING HEART.

“An old man walked near a time-worn church, having gone thither to visit the grave of one long departed.

He had been weeping ; and as he turned his eyes heavenward, tears glistened therein. He wore in a button-hole a faded ribbon, which ever and anon he looked upon, then again lifted his face to the skies, muttered some soft words of love, and continued weeping.

Some children standing by derided the old man, saying, " Father give us thy ribbon ; it is old and can be of no use to thee. " But the old man clasped the ribbon in his hands, and thought sadly of one he loved, who died while her bridal garments still adorned her.


They had loved long and truly, and had married in the full vigor of their youth. But as they were returning from the church they chanced to meet a rush of people, who were being driven before the soldiery in one of these *emeutes*, for which France is so notorious. The married pair were riding in a car, and when the report of musketry was heard, the bridegroom became excited, and stretching out of the window, he marked the tumult for a moment, then turned to the fears of his wife. Alas ! the quiet of death was already upon her—a bullet had entered her young heart ; and there she leaned, as before she sat—a sweet smile upon her face, her lips still warm, but dead.

On that unhappy morning, the old man took a ribbon from her breast, and ever—night and day, he had worn it near his heart. Sixty years had passed since then,

but he never sought another love. But, gazing upon the ribbon, he saw her he loved ever by his side. And when the children derided him he meekly replied—"The heart, my dear children, is not like a ribbon. No! no! believe me, the heart never grow sold."

But how much more true would this be if related of woman. The male heart does not wear the weeds of sorrow so long as the female. The true wife, when widowed, remains a widow, till death re-unites her to the being,—complementary to herself—she sees and loves the object of her affection, in all things which surround her. All the love and tenderness of her being go forth continually to meet and embrace him—his heart is forever chanting the words of the poet.

"Fast roll the years away; the days depart
And leave on earth, nor sea, nor sky, no trace;
But from my soul, O Sovereign of my heart,
Naught shall thy sacred image e'er efface.
The sun sweeps on, and his unsteady light
Doth wane and wax with coming eve and morn;
But in my breast, love never sets in night;
For thy sweet truth forever shines thereon.
I hear thee e'er;—thee everywhere I see,
In sunset splendors,—flowery vale, and hill;—
The waves, in silvery murmurs, speak of thee;
And each soft zephyr whispers of thy will.
And if I look upon the stars above,
That pave, with gold, the glittering path of night,



It is because I see the one I love,
Enthroned among their circles pure and bright.
E'en while I sleep, thy love doth watch me by ;
Thy spirit all my deepest thought doth move ;
My every dream is wakened by thy sigh ;
And formed to life, by breathings of thy love.
And if while sleeping, it should please the Master,
To break the brittle threads of life's frail tie ;
My being's half, I'd hasten to embrace thee,
And in thy loving bosom rest for aye. "

ARNOLD.

Should a woman marry the second time? It would be extremely difficult to lay down any rigid rule in regard to widowhood ; for every day we see, in society, conditions which not only excuse, but legitimatize second marriages. Nevertheless, we feel that perpetual widowhood is alone consistent with our Ideal of woman ;—is alone worthy of a great heart, which love has filled.

"I preserve, living, in my bosom, the image of thy purity," said Dante to his lost Beatrice.

"I love thy virtue, which will live forever," said Petrarch.

Such earnest souls are capable of the tenderest friendship, but the flower of love will never bloom again for them. They live and labor in the world, which they bless, by their service and example, but their affections are in heaven, with the companions, whom, on earth they shall no more see.

"I cannot love another!—I cannot cast aside
The dark weeds of a widow for the bright robes of a bride;
I never more may listen to love's beguiling voice—
The sad heart of the mourner can make no second choice.

"Oh! offer nought but friendship, and I will be your friend;
Speak only of the lost one, and mark how I'll attend:
His portrait hangs above us, dare not to breathe love's name,
Those dark eyes, could I listen, would frown upon my shame.

"And see! my child clings to me, and looks upon my face;
He has no other parent to fondle and embrace;
Unconsciously his finger my wedding ring has prest,
As if it were to chide me for smiling on my guest."

We have been much delighted with the perusal of the beautiful and touching letter which the mother of St. Chrysostom addressed to her son. Its sentiments we cannot but approve:

"My son, God has made you an orphan and me a widow, at a time when we could ill bear such an affliction. You are too young to understand all the trials and perplexities of a young woman, left like myself, a widow, without the experience of years to guide her, nor a sufficient knowledge of the world to save her from its sorrows.

"Preserving the memory of my husband, whom I shall never cease to love, I shall refuse all offers to contract a second marriage—and devote the remaining

years of my life to your education, and contemplation of the virtues of your beloved father.

“Looking forward to a reunion with him, from whom I have been so early separated, and confiding in the grace of God, I am resolved to suffer all the troubles of widowhood, and brave alone the storms and tempests of life.”

When such souls are united, marriage becomes an everlasting bond, and love, a tie which even death cannot dissolve.

THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

HERE is a little golden tress
Of soft, unbraided hair,
The all that's left of loveliness
That once was thought so fair;
And yet, though time has dimm'd its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yes, from this shining ringlet, still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill
Through all its trembling springs;
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years, like sunshine, slept
This golden curl of hair.

Oh, sunny tress, the joyous brow
Where thou didst lightly wave,
With all thy sister tresses, now
Lies cold within the grave:
That cheek is of its bloom bereft,
That eye no more is gay;
Of all thy beauties thou art left
A solitary ray.

Four years have passed, this very morn,
Since last we fondly met—
Four years, and yet it seems too soon
To let this heart forget—
Too soon to let that lovely face
From our sad thoughts depart,
And to another give the place
She held w the heart.

Her memory still, within my mind,
Retains its sweetest power;
It is the perfume left behind
To whisper of the flower.
Each blossom, that in moments gone
Bound up this sunny curl,
Recalls the form, the look, the tone
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain
O'er beds of violets flung;
Her voice a prelude to a strain,
Before the song is sung:
Her life, 't was like a half-blown flower,
Closed ere the shades of even,
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour
That opes the gates of Heaven.

A single tress! how alight a thing
To sway such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms to the heart!

•

It leads me back to days of old —
To her I loved so long,
Whose locks outshone pellucid gold,
Whose lips o'erflowed with song.

Since then, I've heard a thousand lays
From lips as sweet as hers;
Yet, when I strove to give praise,
I only gave them tears;
I could not bear, amid the throng
Where jest and laughter rung,
To hear another sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining tress of hair
To bid such memories start!
But tears are on its lustre — there,
I lay it on my heart.
Oh! when in Death's cold arms I sink,
Who, then, with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark brown link —
A ringlet of my hair?

HEAVEN.

I have great thoughts of thee,
Thou unseen world, with all thy crowned souls ;
Sometimes thy gates I see
Here, where men die, and Time's bleak torrent rolls.

For in thy glorious clime,
By sword and flame, and the deep, drowning sea,
Are gathered from time,
Apostles, saints, a goodly company.

My eyes are all too dim
To sweep the vast and solemn distance through,
Where the swift planets swim
The ether's deep, illimitable blue.

Too dull and weak my sight
To shoot the gulf that earth from thee divides,
Or gaze upon the light,
That, like a cloud, God's upper temple hides.

I do not crown thy hills
With shades—enchanted radiance, and the ray,
And bound of flashing rills,
Where one may walk and dream the years away.

I see in thee my home,
If faith shall lift me to thy blessed shore,
Where grief may never come,
And death's pale havoc shall be mourned no more.

And shall I tread thy vales
Not as a viewless thing, a shadowy form ?

This brow shall feel thy gales
As it now feels the sunlight and the storm.

The self-same eyes that here
Grew dark and weary on life's fever'd road,
Upon thy distant sphere,
Shall see the starry garniture of God.

These bodily limbs that bear
Their burden weakly, totter, and then die,
Shall go to thee and wear
The beauty and the splendor of the sky ;

And tread the hills unseen,
Real and fair—a glorious dwelling-place,
That, with their luminous green,
Roll onward, singing through the radiant space.

But there upon thy brow
Shall a transcendent beauty sit and shine ;
And every vein shall glow
With overflowings of the life divine.

My thoughts that here lie bound,
And pine and struggle hard in fruitless toil,
Shall walk their flowery round,
And reap in thy bright world a golden spoil.

There shall my soul expand
In knowledge, and go forth in stronger fight ;
Angels shall take my hand,
And lead me on through splendors infinite.


And while the thought shall come,
That it is heaven where I am gone to dwell,
Through my eternal home,
The gushing joy shall like the billows swell.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOUL-EDUCATION, AND WOMAN'S DUTY IN REGARD TO IT.

WE HAVE already spoken, and perhaps at sufficient length, of woman's most sacred calling as the natural educator of her children. We wish now to set forth our ideas, in regard to the end which every true woman should have in view, when she seeks the instruction of these tender souls committed to her charge.

This will be best understood, when it is considered what a child is, and what is his destiny. Created in the image of God, and for an endless life, education becomes a means of eternal progress, and consequently concerns more the soul and its conditions, aspirations, hopes and ambitions, present and to come, than it does the body, and the conditions and circumstances of its outward life. Mothers have been hitherto too anxious about the outward conditions of life, too anxious about the body and its environments, and not enough about that world which lies within the soul of the child, grander and more beautiful than all the world besides, and which will live when the world of matter, and its temporary wants and fleeting ambitions shall have passed



away. It is a low view of education which they have, who say it is valuable because "knowledge is Power," because it brings distinction and worth, or social rank and consideration. It is valuable and an indispensable necessity, not because it is a source of outward, but of inward wealth.

You labor, O mother, assiduously, to secure the material destiny of your children, but your higher duty calls you to a nobler work. It is the Soul, the Intellect, the Heart, you should seek to glorify, because the latent beauty of these, when developed by an earnest and judicious culture, will throw a divine splendor over all their outward life. As man is created for an immortal life and unceasing progress, education should always have reference to the solemn issues of eternity; for it is through education, commenced here and continued hereafter, that this advancement is to be made,—this progress is to be secured.

It should also be remembered that the child should early be taught to reverence the highest Ideal of Life, to regard Duty, Truth, Virtue and Honor as verities of supreme importance, and to be followed with fidelity, although that fidelity involve poverty, neglect, suffering and even death. "I had rather be right than be President," said one of our most eminent statesmen. "I had rather be honest than rich. I am a poor man,

but there is not money enough in the world to *buy me*," said another. These men had been rightly educated, and by mothers who were models in their sphere. The happiness of life with them did not depend upon externals or what of earthly good they possessed or hoped to possess. Its foundations were in the soul itself. An elegant writer has forcibly remarked :

"We all love to read of great virtue, great self-denial, great generosity, devoted love and friendship, patriotism and enthusiasm. Our admiration of such excellence is much more impassioned than that for great talents. The heart tells us that they are more deserving of love than mere intellectual attainments. Now, it is precisely for such moral excellences that the great men and women of ancient times are held up to admiration, and the philosophers of the ancient world are particularly careful to give the moral, the precedence of the intellectual accomplishments. Indeed, with them, the moral are intellectual excellences of the highest order. Virtue with them is intelligence—prudence, temperance, justice, moderation, are the heights of wisdom. He who could show these virtues in his life and conduct, was a great man, however small the amount of his physical knowledge. Physical knowledge occupies a small and inferior place in ancient philosophy. Heart is everything. Or, rather, it would be better to say,

they blended the physical and moral sciences—Philosophy and Religion—together, giving the most prominent place to the latter.

The educated men of antiquity, therefore, were heroes, because their philosophy taught heroism and religion. The man who could throw away wealth as he would throw away a burdensome load, was not likely to be influenced by wealth in his public or private conduct. He would not cringe to wealth for the sake of a share, he would not teach a falsehood or conceal a truth for a fee, or the hope of a pecuniary reward; and as their philosophy was not physical philosophy, but moral and religious, it taught them to look beyond the confines of this mortal scene, and hope for the reward of their virtues in another life. To die struggling with evil was glorious, a fall even worthy of envy—the beginning of a new life of unalloyed happiness. This faith was the apex of philosophical instruction. It completed the character of a great man.

Ancient instruction was religious,—and spoke to the soul,—modern instruction is mechanical, never leads the heart upward to the Eternal Cause, and tends to materialism and unbelief.

The physical sciences, taught as they are to-day in our schools, do not awaken the noblest powers of the mind. We will not go so far as to say that they

demoralize man necessarily, for no truth whatever can with justice be reproached for this. But studied by themselves alone, without relation to a higher sphere of thought, we have no hesitation in saying that they are by no means calculated to elevate the character of man. Physical philosophers, therefore, do not ascend to the heroic sphere. They do not occupy the intellectual apex. They do not mount so high as Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, and Epictetus, of the Pagan, or as Paul, Peter, and John, of the Christian school. Let them praise and exalt the natural sciences as they may, let them expend all their poetry and all their eloquence in eulogizing them, still the human heart can never admit that the highest scientific attainments are equal to the highest moral attainments. A physical philosopher may be a bad man, he may be a drunkard, a coarse and profane swearer, a liar, a swindler—but a moral and religious philosopher cannot. The excellence of the one consists in knowing facts about stones, earth, plants, animals, chemical agencies, and the laws of matter and motion, and vice can learn all this as well as virtue. The excellence of the other consists in knowing how to govern the passions, in exemplifying the virtues and the graces, and exhibiting the fruits of wisdom. The latter will ever excel the former, as spirit excels the body, as mind excels matter.

The true woman and enlightened mother will strive to give her sons and daughters a thorough education, not for worldly advantage, but because she remembers they are immortal ; and every step taken here in the path of knowledge, is a gain for eternity. Beauty of form, refined and polished manners, wealth, and the luxuries it brings—splendid decorations of the person, high rank and consideration in society, all these are transitory, mere glittering baubles, all well enough, and in a degree valuable, yet destined to decay and death ; but a high and generous culture of the soul, surrounds it with wealth which will not fail, with ornaments, whose gems will shine bright as the stars forever, glorifies it with a beauty which will never fade, and fills it with a joy which nothing external can impart. All the beauty that is really valuable,—that indeed which gives beauty to the form and features,—is that of the soul and intellect.

“ ——— Beauty gives

The features perfectness, and to the form
Its delicate proportions ; she may stain
The eye with celestial blue—the cheek
With carmine of the sunset ; she may breathe
Grace into every motion, like the play
Of the least visible tissue of a cloud ;
She may give all that is within her own
Bright cestus—and one glance of intellect,
Like stronger magic, will outshine it all. ”

WILLIS.

But in training her child for its great destiny here and hereafter, the mother should never forget that its soul mirrors the Infinite, and reflects His beauty and divine perfections.

SOUL-EDUCATION implies such a culture of all the mental and spiritual faculties, as well insure the happiness and tranquillity of the life within, although the brightness of the outward life may be clouded by adversity, and its placidity disturbed by the storms of misfortune. And in this lies the great secret of the true happiness of life. Not in external possessions, not in anything of a material nature is it to be found, but in that discipline of the mind and heart—that exaltation and enthusiasm of the soul, through which the sons of earth are brought to the companionship of the immortals, and enabled to enter and inhabit a world of glorious Ideals. Such education is a supreme necessity; for it is the only source of enduring felicity.

An eloquent writer has well expressed this thought in the following beautiful and expressive language.

“Who can compare in happiness with him who has stored his mind with rich thoughts, and beautiful conceptions, and who sees the mystery of the universe vanishing before the light of intelligence? He may know all the ills of poverty, his table may be but scantily supplied,—the fire may burn low on his hearth,—the world

may frown upon him, but he cannot be entirely unhappy. On the wings of science he soars away through the realm of stars, and angels are the companions of his soul.

“ Thus while the ignorant man toils on hopelessly, and drearily ; cheered by no bright thoughts ; his head ever inclining to the earth ; looking upon the universe with the stupid gaze of the brute ; his mind destitute of all ideas, and his heart moved by no glad inspirations ; the intelligent laborer welcomes his toil with hope and joy, because he comprehends that labor is a vocation honorable and sacred as any other. He goes forth in the morning, and the world on which he looks, swimming in sunbeams, is less bright and fair, than the world that lays in his heart, which knowledge has illuminated with her everlasting light. The mountains, barren, rocky, storm-blackened, or crowned with sylvan splendors ; the valleys, flower-robed, and ribboned with meandering streams ; the rivers, hastening to the sea, and making music as they go ; the trees, and rocks, and flowers ; all the activities of Nature and the great enterprises of Man, speak with eloquence to his soul, and reveal to his intelligent spirit the secrets of Nature and of Nature’s God.

“ Education, therefore, is the great need of all men ; not simply because knowledge is power, and enables man to provide more successfully for his material necessities,

but because it ennobles and exalts his spiritual faculties, expands his heart, and makes him capable of enjoyments, which wealth cannot purchase or procure, nor poverty nor any outward circumstances take away."

Our Ideal woman, who is a mother, will also remember that the soul is immortal—destined to everlasting expansion and progress, and therefore that its education involves the solemn issues of Eternity. "There are few," says another writer, "who believe in the immortality of man, that will venture to deny the postulate we have just advanced. And yet accepting it, as all rational men must, education assumes an importance most solemn and momentous. Knowledge is immortal. Education therefore tends to issues that are everlasting. Our capacity for the enjoyment of high, intellectual and spiritual happiness, either in this, or the future life, depends on the improvement we have made, and the degree of culture which we have acquired.

"Education, therefore, is something more than an agency for the promotion of temporal interests, for procuring power, and distinction, and success in the earth. It is a means of everlasting good. Every idea our children gain, in time, every fragment of knowledge they acquire, every science they master, is a gain for all eternity. And it follows just as certainly, that every opportunity neglected, every moment misspent, every privilege

slighted, entails a loss that must be felt through eternity. By neglecting, therefore, to provide, amply, for the education of our children, we neglect to provide for the supreme necessity of their nature. We cripple and maim their immortal souls, which God has created for an exalted and glorious flight through eternity; we degrade them from the sublime dignity of manhood to the rank of beasthood; and make them incapable of all enjoyments, save such as are brutal and sensual."

But that education of the soul,—and thorough development of all the faculties of which we have spoken, cannot be attained to, unless the mother first secures the perfect confidence and obedience of the precious souls committed to her charge. And with a word on this subject, this part of our study will close.

Rousseau, in his celebrated work "Emile," advances the theory that a child should be governed entirely by force. With some limitations, no doubt there is some truth in this.

Children are not capable of reasoning judiciously, and must be governed by the force of affection. As soon as a parent begins to reason with a child, he loses his authority. The child should believe his parents, infallible, and the parents, on their part, should give no reason for their command, but insist on its being obeyed without hesitation. All this may be done without severity, with-

out unkindness, or harsh words. It may be done with tenderness and love. A gentle and firm hand is all that is requisite.

A child who is always taught to regard the command of his parents as absolute and final, will rely with more confidence on their judgment, and trust more confidently to their benevolence, and will love them with an intensity and devotion which will always secure obedience. Hence, we find that those parents who have loving and obedient children, who govern absolutely and by the force of reason and affection.

The family is no doubt the foundation of government, and the authority of the parent is the basis of the authority of the state. In other words, the government of the state will always be a reflex of that of the families composing it. Indeed, the whole social superstructure, rests upon the family. We see the importance then, of having the family government right. The training of children, therefore, is the most momentous subject that can possibly engage our attention.

To have a well-regulated household, should be the highest ambition of a parent. There is no spectacle so beautiful and lovely as that which is presented by dutiful, loving, and obedient children. They make home a paradise. The father's footfall, as he returns from his

business, is hailed with exclamations of joy, and his approach is greeted with embraces and kisses, while they regard the "*mater familias*" as a kind of Divinity, at whose shrine they delight to offer the sweet worship of love.

WOMANHOOD.

“ For thou art woman—with that word,
Life’s dearest hopes and memories come,
Truth, Beauty, Love—in her adored,
And earth’s lost Paradise restored
In the green bower of home.

What is man’s love ? his vows are broken,
Even while his parting kiss is warm ;
But woman’s love all change will mock,
And, like the ivy round the oak
Cling closest in the storm.

And well the Poet at her shrine
May bend, and worship while he woos ;
To him she is a thing divine,
The inspiration of his line,
His loved one and his chuse.

If to his song the echo rings
Of fame—’tis woman’s voice he hears ;
If ever from his lyre’s proud strings
Flow sounds like rush of angel wings,
’Tis that she listens while he sings,
With blended smiles and tears.

Smiles—Tears—whose blessed and blessing power,
Like sun and dew o’er summer’s tree,
Love keeps green through Time’s long hour
That frailer thing than leaf or flower,
A Poet’s immortality. ”

HALLECK.

WOMAN.

WOMAN ! blest partner of our joys and woes !

Ever in the darkest hour of earthly ill ;
Untarnished, yet thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse and beats with every thrill !
Bright o'er the wasted scene thou hoverest still,
Angel of comfort to the falling soul ;
Undaunted by the tempest, wild and chill,
That pours its restless and disastrous roll
O'er all that blooms below, with sad and hollow howl.

When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow ;
To soothe the soul, to cool the aching brain,
O ! who so welcome, and so prompt as thou ?
The battle's hurried scene and angry glow,—
The death encircled pillow of distress ;—
The lonely moments of secluded wo—
Alike thy care and constancy confess,
Alike thy pitying hand, and fearless friendship bless.

SANDS.

THE DUTY OF WOMAN.

" No !— 'tis never woman's part,
Out of her fond misgivings to perplex
The fortunes of the man to whom she cleaves ;
'Tis hers to weave all that she has of fair
And bright, in the dark meshes of their web,

Inseparate from their windings. My poor heart
Hath found a refuge in a hero's love ;—
Whatever destiny his generous soul
Shape for him, 'tis its duty to be still,
And trust him till it bound or break with his. "

TALFOURD'S ION.

IMMORTALITY.

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
" Man, thou shalt never die ! " celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls ; according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality.

DANA.

PURITY OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

Yes, woman's love is free from guile,
And pure as bright Aurora's ray ;
The heart will melt before its smile,
And earthly objects fade away.
Were I the monarch of the earth,
And master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman, half the price of thee. "

G. P. MORRIS.

THE IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

LOVE'S HOME IS HEAVEN.

"ON LOVE, immortal love ! not all in vain
The young heart wastes beneath the weary chain,
Burdened and fainting with the fond excess
Of its impassioned, mournful tenderness.

The weary bark, long tossing on the shore,
Shall find its haven when the storm is o'er ;
The wandering bee its hive, the bird its nest,
And the lone heart of love in heaven its home of rest."

WOMAN'S SYMPATHY.


How sweet is woman's love, is woman's care !
When struck and shattered in a stormy hour,
We droop forlorn, and man, with Stoic air,
Neglects or roughly aids, then, robed in power,
Then nature's angel seeks the mourner's bower.

GALLEY KNIGHT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNITY AND BROTHERHOOD.

THE highest ideal of society is that which pictures it as composed of individuals who, while they retain their personality and idiosyncrasies, are yet perfectly united, recognizing every fraternal obligation, and working together for the common and equal good of each other and all. Although such a social state cannot be found among our human societies, it is continually the Ideal, which all men and women worship, and to realize which they are constantly working. It is the "Kingdom of God" so earnestly prayed for by the benevolent and philanthropic. Not in isolation and solitude is the race to be regenerated, but in Unity and Fraternity. Through Unity and Fraternity man learns to love his neighbor as himself. These great and vivifying ideas give strength and energy to the bonds of society,—stimulate the understanding, and quicken the perception of man, and give wings to his thoughts, and fill him with a deeper love for the Good and Beautiful;—or in other words—God. Or rather, we may say, he learns to love God through the love of his fellow men.



The society of Heaven is ever painted as perfectly united in the bonds of brotherhood ;—the various individuals still retain their distinct individualities, and yet are bound together in sweetest harmony and love. So should it be on earth,—diversity should exist in unity. Men were created to be brothers, by Him who placed “the solitary in families ;” and any order of life or society which outrages this law of God, is false, oppressive and debasing.

Among the greatest evils of life, we may reckon those which hinder the fullest and freest communion of man with man ;—the spirit of exclusiveness, pharisaism and selfishness. These cause all the perturbations of life, and the miseries of society. And to-day they hang upon the world like a mighty curse.

Woman being, in the divine economy, the type of love as man is of force, becomes the centre of Unity to the family, the Nation, Humanity. Unity is of God and produces Beauty, Order and Life, whereas all discord and strife are of the Devil, and are the prolific sources of all the vices and evils that overwhelm the world. But “the Devil and his works shall be destroyed” by the power of woman ;—through her,—according to ancient prophecy, shall the serpent’s head be bruised. Thus is it her office—preeminently to labor to overcome all antagonism, and reestablish the race in unity and brotherly love ;—

labor to hasten the advent of that period when the Christ or the Spirit of Love will permeate all the world with an unspeakable glory ;—when the true church, whose dome reacheth to the skies, and whose aisles are broad and long enough to contain the whole human family, will descend from God out of heaven and bless a suffering world forever.

CHAPTER XIX.

WOMAN'S MISSION, ONE OF CHARITY, MERCY AND LOVE.

WE have said in another part of this work, that woman is everywhere recognized as the natural friend of the unfortunate, and consequently is called by Providence to the divine work of elevating the degraded,—raising the fallen, recovering the lost, and reforming the vicious. We think this is her appropriate sphere. The hearts even of the most debased will open to her, when they would resist all appeals made to them by the other sex. Nor should a woman feel that she is degrading herself when she stoops to console, reprove or advise the children of misfortune and vice. However degraded they may have become they are still worth saving. The sun still shines upon them. The beauty of the world yet charms them. The rains and dews continue to fall upon, and the earth continues to bring forth her fruits for, them. In a word, God loves them, and preserves, feeds and blesses them every day. No man or woman ever becomes wholly lost to the good. The evils may preponderate vastly above the goods in the nature of each,—the soul may become fearfully stained, but still the latent good

remains,—a ray of moral Beauty, yet relieves the deep darkness of the corrupt heart. It needs but the gentle voice of woman to call all these moral forces forth to a new life;—only her influence working on the cords of the heart to bring it back to the love of Virtue, Goodness and Truth.

And it certainly is a powerful incentive to encouragement to action in this broad field of benevolent labors to know, and feel that no human being is utterly and irrecoverably lost. Debased as the world is, and vile as many persons are, there are none who do not worship goodness in their hearts, and manifest their devotion to it in a remarkable degree, whenever their natures speak by spontaneous impulse.

“Who is there, (asked an old Roman moralist,) that does not wish to obtain some praise of goodness, though he may be an atrocious villain himself? The most abandoned of human beings (he adds,) if he could have the wages of *guilt* without the guilt itself, would not *prefer* to be guilty. It is no small obligation that we owe to nature, that Virtue reveals her glorious light, not to a few only, but to all mankind. Even those who do not follow her, still see the splendid track along which she moves.”

All mankind, by a sort of intuition, respect virtue: This may be at war with Creeds and Confessions, which

tell us that "man is averse to all good, and inclined to do evil;" but has any one been found to argue the necessity of making a code of laws for savage and barbarous countries, in order that the people should love their children, and the children the parents? And have not the fiercest tribes of the earth found out that for one to slay his brother is a crime? The hand of God then, which has painted the rose, and armed the thunder, has impressed on the soul a sense of *right* and *wrong*. In civilized and enlightened communities, where murder and rapine and other atrocities are committed, we see this sense, this respect of virtue, in the righteous indignation and abhorrence that thrill through a vicinity when it has been dishonored by some foul crime. We see it in the perpetrators of crimes themselves; worlds would they give, in most cases, had they the power, could this wash out the stain, and undo the dreadful deed. It is a remark of that profound thinker and acute reasoner, Dr. Thomas Brown, "If *all* men, were what *all* individually would wish them to be, there would not be a single crime to pollute the earth!"

It is a very prevalent notion among us, that severe and appalling penalties must be affixed to our laws which act as a great and mighty machinery in supporting Virtue; yet if we could bring men to *love* and *practice* what their own consciences and the very impulses of their

nature tell them is desirable, and to be preferred ; if they could love and practice *Virtue*, violence and bloodshed would cease. There are cases of injustice, and cruelty and fraud all around us, and in our midst, that the laws of the land do not, and cannot reach, any more than they can avert the impending thunder-storm, or chain the elements which produce the earthquake and volcano. The fawning, black-hearted seducer fears no law, with its bolts and cells ; the cruel and tyrannical husband and father, defies the law and revels in the tears of his victims ; heaven-daring profanity and lust pollute the midnight air, in defiance of law ; and were it not for the law which God has "written on the heart," who can tell how much worse things would be ?

Now is it not possible, that men have had their eye too much on *punishment*, and not enough on *prevention* ; to much on *avenging*, and not enough on *reforming* ? Has the principle in man, which is more potent than a thousand racks and gibbets, been properly cultivated, and properly addressed ? When the poor victim of a foul passion has stained his hands in blood, and resolved to put to silence those avengers of crime and guilt that he feels in his own heart, by leading a new life, by prayer and penitence, has he been treated with that humanity and goodness which even *justice*, and the rights of community and virtue, may approve ? Has he been

looked upon as a *brother* still, though contaminated with an atrocious sin? Have we sufficiently considered that the innate regard and respect for virtue which "springs eternal in the human breast," has not been wholly destroyed? the germ is *there*, and it needs but the fostering care of kindness and humanity to bring it to a strong and vigorous growth.

How much encouragement there is then, for the moralist, the philanthropist,—the reformer, to sow the seeds of Virtue, and labor to restore the fallen! The soil on which they are to exploit is not a sterile, barren waste, incapable of bearing fruit; for the moral nature of Humanity approves and respects virtue, and may therefore readily be brought to appreciate its teachings and yield to its power.

There are some who think they perform their duty, when they pour out their holy indignation on those who are matured in a life of crime; but would it not have been better had these unfortunates been taken before they had sinned so deeply, and guided by a gentle hand, in the ways of wisdom? Hitherto men have been too heartless and cruel in regard to those who have fallen from Innocence or Honor. Acting on the principle of the worthlessness of human nature, penal codes have been founded on vengeance rather than justice.

It cannot be denied that much might be done for the

improvement of criminals by mild and judicious measures ; and in many instances, we doubt not, they might be reclaimed. “ *Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain Mercy,* ” is a saying uttered by the Infinite Wisdom, and yet how little is it regarded by society in its treatment of those who have fallen from virtue, but who are nevertheless struggling upward toward the pure light of Heaven, and longing for the communion of the good.

To a man or woman—young or old—who has overstepped the bounds of prudence, or the strict line of innocence, society holds out no inducements to virtue, no motives for repentance. It first brands its victims, then degrades them to the dust, and then—*what* then ? It hurls them into the pit of hell ! Read the history of crimes in this or other countries, and what is it but the history of the struggles of poor, broken and despairing hearts ?—hearts which might have been ennobled with the brightest virtues, but which society has bound to sin with a chain as inexorable as fate.

A youth of tender age for some petty crime is sent to prison. He had been virtuously educated, and innocence and happiness were the companions of his early life. But temptations assailed him, and he fell, without perhaps being conscious of the nature of his acts. In the solitude of his prison he comes to himself. A golden vision of virtue and happiness visits him in his dungeon. He

feels all his loss, sheds one tear, angels rejoice at, and which they bend down to kiss away, and resolves, when he regains his freedom, to bring back those radiant hours, by the practice of a virtue so lofty, that all the world will see it, and confess it. The day, the great day of his expectations at length comes. The prison doors roll upon their hinges, a pure light arches over him in loving embrace, and sympathizing Nature invites him forth. He stands free in the world. O, never before had the sun appeared to him so brilliant and fair, never were the heavens so serene: so balmy, and never did the sweet summer winds, which played upon his blanched and sunken cheek, seem to him so soft, so fragrant, so invigorating. A firm resolution of virtue sat on his brow, hope shone in his eyes, joy sang in his heart. With gentle visions floating before him, he hastens to the home where he was nurtured,—to the companions of his childhood. His home stands there still, his companions are there—*all as ever!* No; O, God, no! Rejected from the embraces of the one, and expelled from the society of the other, he now learns that he is damned forever—a cast-away, a thing of pollution, worthy to be met only with withering scorn, or to be ground into the dust, or crushed as a worm. Repulsed, where he had reason to expect sympathy and encouragement, he flies, in horrible despair, from the presence of his former associates, and

only two alternatives, terrible alternatives, are possible to him now—he may die alone, and broken-hearted, or, seeking the companionship of thieves and robbers, and sinking deeper and deeper in guilt he may perish on the scaffold a MURDERER! And for all this is Society responsible. Even his blood, guilty as he is, will, like that of Abel, call unto God for vengeance. He wished to reform, he aspired to virtue, and to a life of honesty, and with a contrite spirit and honorable hope, he worked his way upward, through sorrow and ~~the~~ toward the gates of Heaven; but the world, cruel and ruthless, closed the doors against him, and hurled him down again into that abyss, from which he had well nigh escaped.

This picture is no fancy sketch—would to God it were—it is the literal history of two-thirds of our criminals. They are made what they are by the unchristian policy of Society. If it be a crime to injure the temporal interests of men, to trespass on their rights and privileges, how much more criminal is it to discourage a repentant soul—to drive back the returning prodigal to his degradation, his husks and his despair. O, far better would it be for us, to be cast into the sea with a mill-stone hanging about our necks, than so terribly to disappoint a crushed and suffering, but heaven-aspiring Soul. Let Society show mercy here, let the wealthy and powerful give their countenance and support to these poor victims

of sin, who wish to reform, and especially let woman interest herself in their behalf, and thousands will be redeemed and made happy, who now, having no inducements to reform, are running swiftly to perdition. Especially has this been the case as it concerns our own sex.

The universal postulate —

“ When woman falls, she falls forever ” —

is not necessarily true. The reason why she so rarely recovers, is because her offences are visited with severer retribution. Let an erring female be treated with consideration and love by her sisters, and she will turn to the true and the good as naturally and as certainly as the flower turns to the light. Love, after all, is the grand agent by which the world is to be redeemed. And we repeat, woman is by her very nature ordained to this service. And there is no woman so insignificant or obscure that she can contribute nothing to this noble work. All, however poor or low in the social scale, have hearts which ought to be full of love,— sympathies that should embrace all mankind,— and words of tenderness, pity and hope. And O, how much this love and sympathy fitly expressed, — and these kind words of hope spoken at the right time, may do towards restoring some erring sister or brother to self-respect and virtue.

If the world is ever to be redeemed, — if all men are to be what the Creator designed, the wise must instruct the ignorant, the righteous must strive with the wicked, the godly with the ungodly, the good must arrest the downward tendencies to vice, and the merciful must soften the stony heart of cruelty, hatred and revenge. Woman cannot be absolved from this work, and as a ministering angel to man, a purifier of life, she can accomplish more real good to the world than man can. Go forth, then, ye lovers of Virtue, and Purity, and Truth, to your high vocation, and God and angels, and the prayers and sympathies of the good of all ages are with you.

THE ANGELS.

Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,
How lovely and fair are the angels mild !
They have radiant faces more purely bright
Than the heavens and earth in soft spring light ;
They have eyes so blue and serenely fair,
And eternal flowers in their golden hair,
And their flashing wings which to thee would seem
Of silvery moonshine, a dazzling beam,
The angels wave so stately and light,
From rosy morn till dewy night.

Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,
How softly and light soar the angels mild !
As lightly as flutters from heaven the snow,
As soft as o'er earth the pale moonbeams glow,
As light as the mist in silver wreath curls,
As soft as the bud into blossom unfurls,
As lightly as leaflet is borne from the tree,
As soft as the lightfall o'er land and o'er sea,
Thus lightly and softly, my darling child,
On pinion of air soar the angels mild !

Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,
Where dwells the angels so lovely and mild !
Where the voice of the poor is heard in need,
There haste the angels with manna to feed ;
Where o'er her sick babe the young mother weeps,
Bright angels flock nigh, and the little one sleeps,

Where the worn and weary faint and fear,
Where trembles a soul, where falls a tear,
There swiftly speed, my darling child,
On ministering wing the angels mild !

And wouldst thou, my child, the angels view
That on this earth thou canst not do ;
But if holy and pure thou livest here,
A beauteous angel will ever be near ;
And in that hour when realms of light
Refulgent, dawn o'er the dimming sight,
Thou'lt see them then, as they beckon aloft,
Expand thy budding wings so soft !
And lo ! in Elysium, my darling child,
Thou wilt be triumphant an angel mild !

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

PITY THE FALLEN.

BREATHE thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault ;
The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all ;
Were that withdrawn, thou, too, wouldst swerve and halt.

Send back the wand'rer to the Saviour's fold ;
That were an action worthy of a saint ;
But not in malice let the crime be told,
Nor publish to the world the evil taint.

The Saviour suffers when his children slide ;
Then is his holy name by men blasphemed
And he afresh is mocked and crucified,
Even by those his bitter death redeemed.

Rebuke the sin, and yet in love rebuke ;
 Feel as one member in another's pain ;
Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,
 And mighty and rejoicing is thy gain !

ACTIVE BENEVOLENCE.

In the morning sow thy seed,
 Nor at eve withhold thy hand ;
Who can tell which may succeed,
 Or if both alike shall stand,
And a glorious harvest bear,
To reward the sower's care ?

Sow it 'mid the haunts of vice—
 Scenes of infamy and crime ;
Suddenly, may Paradise
 Burst, as in the northern clime
Spring, with all its verdant race,
Starts from Winter's cold embrace.

Sow it with unsparing hand ;
 'Tis the kingdom's precious seed,
'Tis the Master's great command,
 And his grace shall crown the deed ;
He hath said, the precious grain
Never shall be sown in vain.

COMPASSION FOR THE SINNING.

THINK gently of the erring !
Lord, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.
Heir of the same inheritance !
Child of the self-same God !
He hath but stumbled in the path,
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to him, brother ;
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be :
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

MRS. FLETCHER.

CHAPTER XX.

FAITH; — GOD; — SOUL; — THE IMMORTAL LIFE.

FAITH,—strong, earnest, positive,—is necessary to our Ideal of woman. A woman without religion does not come up to our standard. She may be intellectual, and cultivated, and accomplished, capable of shining in the boudoir, or gilded saloons of fashion, but if destitute of faith and strong religious convictions, she falls infinitely below our Ideal. But by faith, religion, and piety, we do not understand what is usually meant by the hypocritical cant of the various sects; but something far more positive, rational, practical, and satisfactory to profound needs of the soul, and the incessant demands of the heart. In the study on which we are now entering, we desire to present to our sisters our own thought in regard to this Supreme Question; for such, RELIGION must be admitted to be.

Faith embraces the great facts of God, Accountability, and Immortality.

A true spiritual philosophy, or theology, acknowledges God in His true grandeur, as a personal intelligence, and delights to recognize that Paternal character which

is ascribed to Him by the Gospel. God is immanent in the material creation, always présent, always active, and always adorning and advancing his work. But He is greater than the worlds, more glorious than Nature, and more powerful than her laws.

Among cultivated minds there are three views of God. The Pantheistic, which makes God identical with Nature. That of the Epicureans or Stoics, which separates him from his works, and makes him indifferent to human joys or griefs. The Christian, which represents him as a Father, blessing, pitying, and loving all his creatures, and moving them forward, towards a glorious destiny. This latter is the view which we delight to cherish. We do not believe in a God who "*nec bene promeritis capitur, neque tangitur ira,*" but in one who *does* take note of human affairs; and who delights in goodness, and looks with dissatisfaction on vice. The saddest thought that presses upon us now, is that most professed Christians are followers of Epicurus rather than followers of Christ, so far as their theology is concerned; conceiving of God as having *once* been a Creator, *once* immanent in his works, and in having *once* condescended to hold communion with man, and to inspire him with heavenly ambitions and immortal hopes. But the true Christian woman cannot be satisfied with this cold and cheerless system. She longs to *see*, and

hear, and know God NOW, as the fathers did of old, and to feel his presence, in all those great ministries of beneficence and love which make the natural world so wondrously beautiful, and inconceivably grand. She will not accept a theory which represents God as merely a looker-on, no longer active in his universe, — no longer speaking to, and inspiring his children, — no longer revealing himself to man, and imparting to him the graces and gifts of his Spirit.

What is the first idea of a sound religious philosophy? It is that the world of Spirits is a reality, — not a realm of shadows, — a dreamland, — an image painted only on a distorted fancy; but a sublime fact; and, moreover, that it is not far removed from us, located in some distant sphere, but is *here*, around us, with its joys and griefs; and that its inhabitants are the constant witnesses of our thoughts and deeds. That those, whom we call *the dead*, are not in a state of inaction, but are yet objects of interest and love to us; and that we are objects of interest and love to them. And does not the Bible teach this? Does it not speak of a ministry of angels? Of guardian geniuses, that watch over, and protect children, and that minister “to the heirs of salvation;” and did not the early disciples believe all this?

It is admitted that the awful chasm, between the visi-

ble and invisible worlds, has *once* been passed over, and that such a communion *once* existed, but according to many this can be so no more. I know it is popular in these days to deny the supernatural, to stigmatize, as superstitious, many things, which man has ever cherished with devout reverence,—to refer all God's marvels and inspirations to days long since departed; and to affirm that since the death of the author of the Apocalypse, no angels have mingled with the human crowd; no inspirations have exalted the human soul; no influences of the Holy Spirit have ever expanded and glorified the heart of man.

It has long been the fashion among theologians to assert that we can have no perception of spiritual verities,—of the facts of God,—the soul,—accountability,—or the future life, only through material manifestations, which took place some thousands of years ago, and are now reported to us by credible witnesses.

But do we not recognize a sense, a spiritual sense, which is more authoritative than the outward witness, and which must pass judgment on his propositions? When the teaching of the external witness is responded to by the interior sense, we may accept his revelation, but not otherwise. Man perceives the verities or ideas, that lie in the mind of the Deity, directly, and his heart recognizes, intuitively, the active and intelligent presence

in the other world, will be entirely disembodied, and have no relations with time, place and surrounding objects. But if man exist at all, he must occupy some place, or places, and be cognizant of the objective world ; and this can be only through corporeity ; for by corporeity is he brought into relations with time and space. What is our idea of man ? It is that of a being of reason, intelligence, memory, moral freedom, affection, sympathy, love ; capable of enjoyment and suffering, of admiring the works of God ; and endowed with the ability to advance in knowledge, virtue, and happiness forever. Man is Immortal ; his existence stretches through all future periods of time ; and we cannot think of him as existing in any other circumstances, or where he will not retain all these attributes. You *can* imagine a spiritual being differing widely from this, but such a being would not answer to our idea of man.

If man in the other life, do not retain these attributes, he loses his identity ; and, if he lose his identity he ceases to exist ! A spiritual state, a purely subjective existence, such as many seem to believe in, is equivalent to total extinction of all being.

The prevalent faith, or no faith, would seem to imply that in the future life,

1st. *Man is self-conscious only, cognizant only of his own existence, having no relations with the objective world.*

2d. *He has lost the power to perceive external objects ; and the glorious spectacle of the universe is shut out from his view forever.*

3d. *He has lost the crowning excellence of his humanity ; for the love and affection, which here bound him to his fellow men, are no longer possible to him.*

4th. *His existence, such as it is, is purely negative, consisting only of the absence of everything.*

Awful as this view of the other life is, it is a fair and logical deduction from the negative doctrines which have been in vogue for some ages past. Such an Immortality is not worth possessing—it is a mere mockery—words without substance. It neither satisfies the heart nor the intellect.

Christianity does not communicate to us any such ideas. It speaks to man as immortal ; and of the future life, as a continuation of this. Death makes no change in the moral, intellectual and social nature of man. What he is in his attributes and prerogatives to-day, he will be forever. This is what all Spiritualists believe. The very idea of human immortality involves the following facts :

1st. *That in the other life man will retain the memory of all past events and experiences.*

This remembrance of the past is, indeed, necessary to his identity. It is necessary also to his improvement ;

and is also indispensable to explain the mystery of the present life. For, if all this world is obliterated from his memory, and he commences there a new existence, the discipline of this life has been useless, and its pains and distresses, its griefs and disappointments, its heart-aches and soul-trials have been gratuitous inflictions, and needless cruelties, as they ultimate in no good to man. But we are assured that all these light afflictions, which last but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; and this cannot be unless man retains his memory of past trials.

All improvement, too, in this life is useless, if man is not to remember it hereafter. Why should he waste his time in acquiring knowledge, if death is to rob him of those acquisitions, when he treads on the Everlasting Shore? If his knowledge is not to go with him into eternity, and, augmented by ever-increasing attainments, be a source of delight forever?

2d. *Man will still dwell among the scenes of this world, and continue to be interested in this world's affairs.*

Why should we suppose otherwise? There is no revelation, which tells us that the spiritual world is located in some far distant sphere; nor that man, at death, is removed to a remote locality. To affirm this, is to utter a pure conjecture, entirely unsupported by reason. What we *know* is, that man is *here* now, and we must conclude

that *here* he remains, until we have a demonstration to the contrary. We do not indeed wish to say, that human spirits are confined to this sphere ; they are undoubtedly free to roam the universe. But it must be admitted, that they can mingle, and do mingle with us, watch over us with love and tenderness, and are pained by our sorrows, and, especially, by our sins, and made joyful by our happiness and goodness. And this is the Bible doctrine. It is the teaching of Christ. He says: "There is joy in heaven among the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth." And in another place, he speaks of children, as being under the protection of guardian spirits. The following lines of our favorite poet,* blending the highest philosophy with the deepest poetic sentiment, give utterance to a Sublime Truth :

" 'Tis said that when life is ended here,
The spirit is borne to a distant sphere ;
That it visits its earthly home no more,
Nor looks on the haunts it loved before.
But why should the bodiless soul be sent
Far off, to a long, long banishment ?
Talk not of the light and living green !
It will pine for the dear familiar scene ;
It will yearn in that strange bright world, to behold
The rock and the stream it knew of old.

* Wm. Cullen Bryant.

'Tis a cruel creed, believe it not!
Death to the good is a milder lot.
They are here,—they are here,—that harmless pair,
In the yellow sunshine and flowing air,
In the light-cloud shadows that slowly pass,
In the sounds that rise from the murmuring grass.

They sit where their humble cottage stood,
They walk by the waving edge of the wood,
And list to the long accustomed flow
Of the brook that wets the rocks below.
Patient, and peaceful, and passionless,
As seasons on seasons swiftly press,
They watch and wait and linger around,
Till the day when their bodies shall leave the ground. ”

There is no reason to suppose that Spirits do not retain that love and admiration for what is beautiful in Nature which were the source of so many exalted pleasures in this world. Nay, we ought to believe that this admiration of the works of God will be vastly increased. The flowers, and stars, and landscapes, will be clothed with new beauties, and reveal glories unseen before. As the departed contemplate the amazing wonders of the material creation, and march through the countless systems of suns and stars, learning more and more of the sublime mysteries of the universe, will they not bow in adoring rapture before Him who has fashioned the worlds, and invested them with such unspeakable splendor?

Foolish men and skeptics may laugh, when they hear one speak of the departed spirits, as dwelling in flower-valleys, and feeling a desire to linger among the beautiful works of God ; but profound thinkers, and earnest men will be moved differently. Unless spirits degenerate very much when they cast off the mortal body, they will be just as susceptible to the harmonies of sight and sound then, as they are now.

3d. *Man, in the other Life, will possess Moral Freedom.* *Enquiries*

If it be asked, how we *know* this? We answer, he is morally free *now*, and must continue to be so as long as he is man. We are aware, it is a prevalent doctrine that man is free in this life ; but, by some unaccountable metamorphosis, looses his freedom before he arrives in the other. Those who believe such an absurdity may explain it if they can. We do not conceive the notion important enough to be seriously refuted.

Of course, it follows, if man is free in the other world, *this* is not the only state of probation, nor are the means of grace confined to this life. The sinful may be reformed, the ignorant be instructed, and the rebellious subdued there, as well as here. The intelligence and conscience may be addressed,—purer notions may be presented to the sinner, and, being free, he may choose the way of Life.) ?

4th. Man will be a Social Being in the future world.

He cannot be other than this, unless his identity is destroyed. His nature is eminently social, and all the ties of society that are true and legitimate, will exist forever. In the other life, he will recognize and love those who were his associates and friends on earth.

We cannot find words sufficiently strong to express our condemnation of that cheerless and unchristian theory of a future state which isolates man, and dissolves all those sweet and tender bands which bind him to kindred and friends. One of the sweetest thoughts, one of the sublimest hopes that sustains and consoles the disciple, in seasons of mourning, and the hour of death, is that in other spheres, he will find again all that he loved on earth ; and the ties of love will be joined, never again to be broken.

It would be difficult to conceive of an existence for man, where he would not be susceptible to the enjoyments of society ; nay, where he would not feel irrepressible longings for the endearments of friendship and love. We cannot bring ourselves to admit that affection, sympathy, love ; all those noble sentiments which furnish this life with its chief attractions, are mortal, and will perish in the tomb. And they will not thus perish. They are immortal as the soul ; for they are attributes of the soul, and not of the body. "I go,"

said Socrates, a short time before his death, "to the society of the good;" and a Greater than the noble Grecian has said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." And yet, notwithstanding this is the great need of the human heart, and Scripture affirms it, in its most emphatic and solemn utterances, there are those, and even professed ministers of the Gospel, who deny it, and who dare even to speak thus scoffingly of those whose happiness it is to believe it. "Let them fancy to themselves a Heaven, which shall be as this world beatified, where the senses, the tastes, and social affections shall find and meet a most perfect enjoyment." *Such* a state, so sneeringly spoken of, is precisely that state which the nature of man requires. It has the merit of tangibility, at least; and is infinitely more satisfactory to the heart, than the cold and terrible *negation* which the world, to-day, offers for our belief.

Many ridicule the idea of society, friendship and love, in heaven; — the idea of holding converse with the sublime works of God, and of enjoying the contemplation of the "world beatified;" in a word, the idea of anything positive and definite; but what do you propose to us instead? "A purely spiritual state" "where they neither marry nor are given in marriage." But can

the human heart be satisfied with this? Wonder not, when religious teachers have nothing better than this, to answer to the earnest questionings of the soul, that spirits, in pity, come to cheer man's heart, with sweeter messages and diviner hopes.

The life to come, is not a negative state, but one of positive joy, and everlasting blessedness. It is a state where man will find all the sources that gave him true satisfaction here, overflowing with richer comforts. Friendship shall aid him in his heavenly labors. Love shall sing to him as he ascends through the spheres of light and glory. Hope shall lead him onward and upward through that unspeakably grand series of progresses which shall reach through Eternity. Parents and children shall there meet, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, — all loving and tender souls that have been separated here by death, and they shall part never more.

“ They sin who tell us love can die ;
With life all other passions fly ;
All others are but vanity.

In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth.
But love is indestructible !

Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest ;
O ' when a mother meets on high,
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight ? ”

SOUTHEY.

One reason why a positive philosophy of the soul is now looked upon with so much distrust,—why it is often spoken of with scoffs and sneers, is because men do not really believe in immortality at all. They no longer recognize the spirit that is in themselves. They think, undoubtedly, that they do believe, but their skepticism is seen in their hesitation to accept any definite view of the future life whatever. “I believe in immortality,” says one, but when you question him as to the conditions and circumstances of that immortality, he has no answer to give. Another says: “*In regard to that promised Future Life the Christian religion enters into no particulars.*” But why does it not ? Because, evidently, the particulars are involved within the very idea itself. As *man* will live forever, he will live forever *as man*; not as another totally distinct being. And living as *man*,

he will necessarily be in those circumstances, and be forever surrounded with those conditions, which the idea of man implies. Thus believing in man's immortality, we must believe in all that modern spiritualists claim.

And why should it be thought a thing incredible, that the spiritual world should flow into the material,—the living world of men? Or, that the inhabitants of the unseen world, influence and guide and inspire those, who yet dwell in the flesh? The most reasonable conclusion, certainly, that we can arrive at, in regard to the other world, is that there is a reciprocity of influences between that, and this. Humanity is one,—a body of many members; and, endowed with immortality, death cannot dissolve it. The Humanity in the flesh is a part of the humanity that has passed the dark waters. It is a body that cannot be dismembered. The members in eternity are in sympathy with the members that remain on earth. As St. Paul says,—“Whether one member suffer all suffer with it.” It is reasonable also to believe,—indeed such a faith is logically imposed upon us, that we, who “dwell among the sorrows of our mortality,” may be benefited by the ministries of our brethren departed, and they may be benefited by us.

And this thought, so abhorrent to some, was it not the leading sentiment of the Primitive Church? Was

it not the opinion of the Fathers ? Is it not now, the devout belief of the great majority of Christians ?

Protestanism, I know, unwisely ignored it,—denounced it as an invention of the devil ; and thus extracted from religion its most attractive feature, and robbed man of his sweetest hopes.

Although we do not always recognise the fact, spiritual influences are continually flowing around us, and imparting to our souls the graces and virtues of the heavenly spheres, and the elements of eternal life.

We want to know something *more* than that the immortal Life is *not* this, or is *not* that. We must know what it *is* ; and the knowledge we crave is not difficult of acquisition. If we follow our reason and the inspiration of our hearts in connection with the teachings of the Divine word, we shall come, at last, to the glorious truth. We shall recognize the Spiritual world as a living fact around us, and a glorious ministry of angels, and the communion of the saints on earth with the saints of heaven, and shall feel the fanning of the wings of the angelic legions as they sweep by us on their errands of mercy and love, and hear the citizens of heaven harping with their golden harps.

MY ANGEL NAME.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

IN THE LAND where I am going,
When my earthly life is o'er,
Where the tired hands cease their striving,
And the tired heart aches no more ;
In that land of light and beauty,
Where no shadows ever come,
To o'ercloud the perfect glory—
What shall be my angel name ?

When the spirits who await me,
Meet me at my entering in,
With what name of love and music
Will their welcome begin ?
Not the one so dimmed with earth-stains,
Linked with thoughts of grief and blame,
No, the name that mortals gave me,
Will not be my angel name !

I have heard it all too often,
Uttered by unloving lips ;
E'en they dare in sin and sorrow,
Dim it with their deep eclipse,
I shall change it like a garment,
When I leave this mortal frame,
And at life's immortal baptism,
I shall have another name !

For the angels will not call me
By the name I have on earth ;
They will speak a holier language,
Where I have my holier birth.
Syllabled in heavenly music—
Sweeter far than earth may claim—
Very gentle, pure and tender,
Such shall be my angel name !

It has thrilled my spirit often,
In the holiest of my dreams ;
But its beauty lingers with me,
Only like the morning beams ;
Weary of the jarring discord,
Which the lips of mortals frame,
When shall I with joy and rapture,
Answer to my Angel Name ?

REMEMBRANCE OF A BROTHER.

WHEN Storm and Night enfold the sky,
And heaven is dark above my head,
O ! is there one, unseen, yet nigh,
By whose fraternal hands I'm led ?—
When storm-tossed on Life's surging sea,
Do angel arms encircle me ?

And does an angel form, me guide
Through all these varied scenes below ;
Forever walking at my side,
Present alike in joy or woe ?

And may I e'er be blest to feel
His loving spirit round me steal ?

Is their a star whose genial beams
Out-shooting from the spheres above,
Illumc my path with sunny gleams,

And fire my throbbing heart with love ?
Is there a star that burns for me,
To lead me o'er Life's troubled sea ?

Is their a voice whose mystic strain
Falls gently on my tranced ear ?
Which wakes to life old joys again,
And bids still brighter ones appear ?
When friends depart, and riches flee,
Is there a voice to comfort me ?

O yes ! I see, I feel, I know
A brother's form is ever nigh ;
I see it in the sunset glow,
And in deep midnight's glittering sky.
I feel it in the balmy breeze
That moves in song among the trees !

Thou art the star that lights our way ;
The arm that stays, the hand which guides,
The voice that charms our fears away,
As we pass o'er life's changing tides.
And when death shall kindly set us free,
We'll walk the ever-blooming vales with thee.

L. R.

DESTINY OF THE SOUL

“In other days,
When death shall give the encumbered spirit wings,
Its range shall be extended; it shall roam,
Perchance, among those vast mysterious spheres,
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each
Familiar with its children, — learn their laws,
And share their state, and study and adore
The infinite varieties of bliss
And beauty, by the hand of power divine
Lavished on all its works. Eternity
Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight;
No pause of pleasure or improvement; world
On world still opening to the instructed mind
An unexhausted universe, and time
But adding to its glories; while the soul
Advancing ever to the source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns,
In cloudless knowledge, purity and bliss.”

H. WARE, JR.

THE SOUL OF THE WORLD.

Soul of the world! Thou universal Source
Of Life and motion! Energy of God!
Grand Centre of the mighty Universe!
Its ever-throbbing, life-imparting Heart!
Around, and through, and over man do sweep
Thy star-bright currents of Creative Thought.

Thy Splendor gleams in all ;—
In stars, and flowers, and trees ;—in grandeurs of
The rolling months, and in that wondrous robe
Of Beauty which Thou weav'st the worlds around !
But most in Man. So weak ! yet yearning to
Embrace the Infinite, and inspired by
Thee, he becomes a God, and walks the earth,
Its Master ! Through his Soul, Thou pour'st the tides
Of Life, — Ideas, and Immortal Thoughts.
And through thy inspirations grand and high,
Man and the world move evermore towards God.
Thy light creative darts athwart the earth,
And moves man's beating heart with strangest powers,
And breathes into his Soul the eternal fires
Of Truth and Love ; to burn more bright when Time's
Deep shadows break, and vanish in the Light
Of Heaven's eternal Day.

GOD.

O Thou Eternal Being ! — Power Supreme !
Unseen, and silent as the passing hour !
Yet visible in morning's golden beam,
And speaking to us by each tree and flower !
Where shall we find thy secret hiding-place ?
O, when and where shall see thine awful face ?
Thou shed'st on all thy bright and gladdening rays,
And cheer'st the soul with hopes of happier days.
Thou givest freely to the rich and poor,
The perfect man, also the evil doer.

O what is man? a clod,—far less than nought,
Hadst thou not him endowed with power and thought,
And kindled in his soul that sacred fire,
Which aye will burn, though all things else expire.
Though weak and vile, and all unworthy Thee,
We bear within, thine own Eternity.
We're bound to Thee by an inseparable chain,
From Thee we came, — to Thee return again;
I ask not thy beginning, nor thy end;
I only ask that I may ever bend
In humbleness before thine awful throne,
And feel the little that I am is all thine own.

L. R. T.

THE UNITY OF HEAVEN.

THERE is a glory far beyond the sky;
A Grandeur, Beauty, Good, which ne'er on earth
Have eyes of mortals seen; nor can the heart,
Though yearning to possess them, ever find
Their substance in these mortal vales. The soul
Aspires to unity, — the unity
Of Love, from whence doth flow what'er is good
Or beautiful; but finds it not until,
Released from earthly bonds, it wings
Its flight, to mingle with the angelic bands,
Who once on earth, like us, did toil and weep,
But now are taken to Heaven's eternal rest.
There, in the everlasting Spheres of Light,
Grouped round the Central Sun of countless worlds,

The mighty congregation moves, on, on,
Through God's eternal years. Man meets with man,
And race with race, in perfect unity !
To ensure the universal good, each yields
In cheerfulness all selfish aims, and blends
His interest with the common weal.

Far up

On star-paved walks where angels tread ;—far up,
Through ever-brightening, ever-widening spheres,
And circles where God's own effulgence glows,
The souls, now free from earth, do make their way.
As in God's universe, there is no Good,
Nor Beauty, nought that has the power, to fill
Man's soul with that enduring joy for which
It sighs, save in this constant progress to
The Perfect Goal, so should he live as that
This mortal life may be a reflex bright
Of Heaven's Order, Unity, and Love.

L. B. T.

THE TWO LIVES.

MAN has two lives ; the greater and the less,—
The last uncertain, dreamlike, in its power ;
Swayed to and fro he goes and comes, nor knows
Not of his final destiny. Asleep,
To causes real and immortal truths
He slumbers, till beyond the bounds of Time
He wakes to find himself in second life,—

A creature still the same and yet born quite
Anew. Brave hearts, whose feet have trod the paths
Deep hid in mystery, ye now can claim
Your power, again your race resume, and rise
To knowledge of yourselves and Him of whom
You bear the likeness,—glorious signatures
Of your divine relationship to God.
What untried paths the soul must tread before
It reach the immeasurable heights that lead
To God! Oh 'tis an onward sweep that bears
Man up to the embrace of Heaven, and lays
Him on his Father's bosom, swallowed up
In Beauty, Wisdom and Immortal Love.

THERE'S NOTHING LOST.

THERE's nothing lost. The tiniest flower
That grows within the darkest vale,
Though lost to view, has still the power
The rarest perfume to exhale;
That perfume, borne on zephyr's wings,
May visit some lone sick one's bed,
And, like the balm affection brings,
'Twill scatter gladness round her head.

There's nothing lost. The drop of dew
That trembles in the rosebud's breast
Will seek its home of ether blue,
And fall again as pure and blest;

Perchance to revel in the spray,
Or moisten the dry parching sod,
Or mingle in the fountain's play,
Or sparkle in the bow of God.

There's nothing lost. The seed that's cast
By careless hands upon the ground,
Will yet take root, and may at last
A green and glorious tree be found ;
Beneath its shade some pilgrim may
Seek shelter from the heat of noon,
While in its boughs the breezes play,
And song-birds sing their sweetest tune.

There's nothing lost. The slightest tone
Or whisper from a loved one's voice,
May melt a heart of hardest stone,
And make a saddened heart rejoice ;
And then, again, the careless word
Our thoughtless lips too often speak,
May touch a heart already stirred,
And cause that troubled heart to break.

There's nothing lost. The faintest strain
Of breathings from some dear one's lute
In memory's dream may come again,
Though every mournful string be mute ;
The music of some happier hour —
The harp that swells with love's own words,
May thrill the soul with deepest power,
When still the hand that swept its chords.

ANON.

PLUTARCH'S PRECEPTS OF MARRIAGE.

TO THE READER.

The "Precepts" of the celebrated Grecian, although containing many things which sound strange to modern ears, are still full of hints which may be useful even to us, of this enlightened age.

Our translation is not from the original Greek; we have used the French text of M. Louis Seraine.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

THE PRECEPTS OF MARRIAGE.

TO POLLIANUS AND TO EURYDICE.

Now that the priestess of Ceres, uniting you by the bonds of marriage, has subjected you to the law of the country, it shall be good and useful, my beloved disciples! for you to listen with attention. Inspired by the spirit of this law my words shall be of a nature to fortify your union and render it happy and lasting. There is not really anything, more beautiful or more important than the counsels, by which the philosopher renders amiable and benevolent, towards each other, those who have united themselves, by a happy passion, for life. These counsels of wisdom which I have thrown together without form, in short precepts, in order that they may be more easily placed in your memory, I send to you as a nuptial present, praying the Muses to accompany you near the goddess Venus. For it is as worthy of them to establish, by wise discourses, harmony amongst the married, as

to tune a harp or a lyre. The ancients placed Mercury by the side of Venus, and thereby signified that good and peaceful words alone would be able to render marriage happy. They also added Persuasion and the Graces, in order to teach the married that it is not by quarrels that they can obtain from each other what they desire, but, on the contrary, by peacefulness and affability.

° ° ° ° ° ° ° ° °

II.

In Boeotia they place a crown of wild asparagus upon the head of the newly married, because upon a stalk bristling with thorns, this plant produced a very sweet fruit. It is the same with the young wife. The husband who is not discouraged at the commencement of his marriage, will soon acquire, with but trifling difficulties, a companion devoted to his happiness, during all his life. There is as much folly in not knowing how to suffer some contrarieties on the part of a young wife, as to refuse to eat ripe grapes, because the lips have sometimes been made to smart by those that are sour. It is the same with the newly married husband, who at the first disagreement, estranges himself from his spouse; he shows as little wisdom as he who, because he has been stung by a bee, refuses to eat honey.

III.

It is especially in the first days of marriage, that it is important to avoid dissensions and offences. The different parts of a vase composed of several pieces are disjoined with facility when they are first put together ; on the contrary, iron and fire can scarcely separate the joints closed and strengthened by time.

IV.

Chaff and hemp are easily kindled, but their fire is extinguished with equal ease unless they continue to feed the flame. If the love of the young couple is only that excited by beauty of person, it will be brief as that. It is necessary that it have its source in the heart, and that it unite the souls, in order to produce a lasting affection.

V.

Fish are more easily caught by a poisoned bait, but the flesh then becomes a dangerous food. It is the same with women who, in order to seduce men and make them fall into their power, resort to the artifices of voluptuousness. The enchantress did not profit by those whom she had changed into brutes ; she despised them after this metamorphosis ; but she passionately loved Ulysses, who when near her had wisdom enough to resist the dangers of her charms and perfidious caresses.

VI.

A woman who loves better to command a husband deprived of sense and reason, rather than accept the counsels of a wise and reasonable one, resembles those who prefer being conducted by the blind, instead of following guides experienced and clear-sighted.

VII.

Women are not willing to believe that Pasiphae who had a king for a husband, was madly in love with a bull ; and for all that, we see many among them who disdain the affections of an honest husband and sincere, in order to attach themselves to libertines.

VIII.

There are some whose weakness and timidity prevent them from mounting their horses ; they only know enough to teach them how to kneel down before them. There are also those who, married to well-bred women, of great nobleness of heart, abuse and ill treat them, instead of studying to elevate themselves, till they resemble them. It is necessary that before the cavalier, the horse even should preserve his natural pride ; and that, near her husband, woman should retain her dignity.

IX.

The more distant the moon is from the sun, the greater are her splendor and light, and the nearer they

draw to each other, the more she becomes obscured. On the contrary, an honest woman will always shine near her husband, and in his absence, is bound to take care of his home and keep herself within.

• • • • •

XI.

The accord of two voices always takes the name of the lowest note. Likewise in a well regulated household though all is done through the harmonious blending of the two wills, it always appears to be done solely by the design and will of the husband.

XII.

The Sun, says the fable, was more powerful than Boreas. In effect, the more violent the wind blew and endeavored to remove the cloak of the voyager, the more closely he hugged it around him; but when the wind had ceased, and the sun cast down its arrows of light and heat, the traveller was soon glad to part not only with his cloak, but also with his tunic. So is it with excitable women; they become angry and resist their husbands, when they have violently opposed them in their tastes for luxury and frivolous extravagances. If, wiser and more prudent, husbands would have recourse to mildness and persuasion, the wives themselves would sacrifice with pleasure their fantasies, and, with a good grace, lead a simple and modest life.

XIII.

A Senator having too passionately embraced his wife, in the presence of his daughter, Cato expelled him from the Senate. If it be improper for the married to give publicly proofs, too intimate of their mutual tenderness, ought they not, and with stronger reason to refrain from exhibiting their discords and quarrels to the public. In marriage, it is necessary that the marks of affection remain hidden, and cautions, and reprimands should also be concealed.

XIV.

A mirror is worth nothing when it fails to reflect the true image of the object before it, and neither the gold nor precious stones with which it is adorned, will render it good and useful. Riches are not sufficient to secure to a wife the love of the husband, if, at the same time, she does regulate her tastes by his, and in the promotion of his comfort and pleasure, find her own. The mirror is false if it give a sad countenance to him who is gay, or a smiling one to him who is unhappy. So is a woman, if, when her husband desires to take some amusement, she exhibit a disagreeable face; or if she will laugh and make sport at the time he is occupied in important affairs. A wife should regulate her habits by those of her husband, and share with him equally his

serious occupations and grave thoughts, his pleasures and amusements.

XV.

The husbands who care not to render agreeable the lives of their companions, and who refuse to have them partake of the pleasures to which they are devoted, are teaching them to seek in another place the enjoyment and happiness which they cannot find at home.

XVI.

When kings love music, their reigns produce many musicians ; many men of letters, if they love letters ; and if they have a taste for athletic exercises, their subjects abandon themselves to the discipline of the body. So when a man loves dress, he inspires his wife with a taste for ornaments, and if he allows himself to be drawn by the attraction of sensual pleasures, she becomes frivolous, coquettish, and soon takes the manners of a courtesan ; but if he have a passion for the Beautiful and Good, he renders her like himself, that is to say,—amiable and virtuous

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●XVIII.

A married woman ought not to have confidential friends, but between her and her husband, friends should

be common. The Gods being the first and best friends that one can have, a woman ought to acknowledge and worship only those her husband honors.

XIX.


According to Plato, that city is the best regulated and most happy where one hears the most rarely the expressions — "this is mine," "that is thine;" for then each person uses freely whatever is necessary to him. Nowhere are these words less in place than in the conjugal relation. Physicians say that a blow given on the left side is equally felt on the right; in the same manner the husband and wife ought to feel alike all the blows of misfortune, in order that in the sweet exchange of affectionate and tender offices, they may be the better able to bear them. Nature has willed that, in order to transmit life, we form only a single being; and that in the child, the father and mother be so represented that it will be impossible to discover in it the peculiar features of either. It is therefore in marriage especially, that it is necessary to put all things in common, in order that one shall not enjoy that which the other may be deprived of. Whatever may be the quantity of water which we mingle with the wine, it preserves always the appearance and name of wine. So the wealth and goods of the house ought to bear the name of the husband, even when the greatest part of them comes from the wife.

XX.

Helena had a passion for riches, and Paris abandoned himself to voluptuousness; Ulysses was prudent and Penelope was chaste; so the marriage of these last was happy and worthy of envy, whilst the union of the two first drew upon Greece and Asia an Iliad of misfortunes.

XXI.

A Roman, who was blamed by his friends for having divorced his wife, whose virtue equalled her beauty and riches, extended his foot and thus spoke: "This shoe is elegant and well made; nevertheless it hurts me, and no person is able to say in what place." To make themselves loved, women ought not therefore to count either upon their fortune, their birth nor their beauty, but solely upon their skill to penetrate deeper every day into the hearts of their husbands, by showing themselves, for them, at every moment amiable, gracious and agreeable. Maladies engendered by hidden causes, acting gradually, are regarded by doctors as much more dangerous than those which have their birth in sensible and manifest influences. Thus nothing troubles domestic felicity more than little daily quarrels; by being frequently renewed, they ruin the happy harmony of the household, and change to bitterness all the sweets of conjugal life.



XXII.

King Philip of Macedonia cherished a deep love for a Thessalian, who was accused of having had recourse to the influences of sorcery, in order to secure this attachment. The Queen Olympias ordered this woman to be brought before her, and seeing that she not only possessed unequalled beauty of person, but was still more distinguished by the graces of mind, and also of temper, said: "Away with calumnies, for I well see that all your witchcraft is in your person." Since good grace and amiability have so much power, when united with honesty, who would be able to seduce the affections of a husband from the wife, who has wisdom enough to concentrate in herself her dower and her nobleness, and the very girdle of Venus?

XXIII.

Another time, learning that a young man of the court had married a woman of great beauty, but of bad reputation, Olympias cried — "If he had been a man of sense, he never would have chosen a wife by his eyes." It is not the eyes in effect which ought to be our guides in marriage; for they cannot sound the heart. What is important to be known is, not how much wealth a

woman has ; but if she possess all the qualities essential to our happiness.

XXIV.

It is necessary, said Socrates, to advise the young, if they are homely, to amend their homeliness by their virtue ; if they are beautiful, not to soil their beauty by vice. A sensible woman will profit by this lesson, and say to herself, if she be homely, "How much worse might it be if I lacked in modesty?" And if she is beautiful: "How much of virtue shall I add to my charms?" For it is more glorious to be loved for the fine qualities of the soul, than for the attractions of the body only.

XXV.

Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, having sent to the daughters of Lysander, king of Sparta, some rich robes and jewels, he refused them. "Such presents," responded he, "will draw upon my daughters more shame than honor." There is nothing, in truth, which can better adorn a female than her dignity, her modesty and virtue ; and these qualities, so precious, neither gold, nor purple nor jewels can supply.

XXVI.

When they sacrifice to the nuptial Juno, they pluck from the yet palpitating body of the victim, the spleen which they cast down at the foot of the altar. In instituting this ceremony, they wished it understood, that in marriage, there should be no outbursts of passion nor injurious reproaches. A mother of a family ought, assuredly to be serious and reflective; but the austerity of her character should be like the acidity of wine, useful and agreeable, and not hard and bitter like that of the aloes.

XXVII.

Plato, seeing that the philosopher Xenocrates, was coarse and rude in his manuers, exhorted him to sacrifice to the Graces. An honest woman ought in the same way to join amiability to virtue, "in order, says Metrodorus, "to render her husband's life happy, and not make him detest her wisdom." Economy ought not to lead one to neglect the care of her person; nor should a wife rely upon the sincerity of her husband's love to dispense with those sweet caresses which are the tokens of love; for the want of these renders virtue itself odious, and sluttishness makes economy detestable.

XXVIII.

A woman who dares not smile upon her husband, or abandon herself to the enjoyment of love, for fear of

appearing bold and indiscreet, differs not from those who for fear of being accused of using perfume and paints would neglect to wash their faces, or take care of their bodies. Poets and orators who wish to excite and charm those who listen to them, can do this only by expressing the most natural sentiments. So the honest mother of a family should avoid all coquettishness, and disdain the superfluities of luxury and of the toilet. Wiser and more sensible, she will find her happiness in the pleasure of her husband, which she will aim to secure by the softness of her manners, and a vigilance, full of tenderness, in the ordinary cares of life ; and she will study to excite, in his heart, a love of all that is noble and beautiful.

XXIX.

Formerly, the laws of Egypt prohibited women wearing shoes and stockings, in order to keep them always at home. To-day, in order to make them remain there, it would be sufficient to take away from them their bracelets, necklaces of pearls, and robes of purple.

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XXXI.

The Venus of Elide,—a work of Phidias—had her foot upon a tortoise, in order to make it understood that woman ought not to go out of the house, but remain

there in silence. A wife should speak only to her husband or by her husband, and it ought not to be displeasing to her to make herself heard, like the flute only, by the mouth of others.

XXXII.

In honoring philosophers and men of letters, kings and the rich bring honor to themselves ; but philosophers and writers who bow to the great and powerful, lose the esteem of the public, and cover themselves with shame without honoring those whom they praise. By the same reason, women who are willing to yield to their husbands are worthy of praise ; but on the contrary those who wish to bear sway themselves, draw upon their own heads, and justly, more of scorn than those husbands who will submit to their yoke. The husband should rule his wife, not as a despot does his slave, but as the mind rules the body, to which it is intimately united, and whose affections it shares. Or as the soul is well able to take charge of the body without subjecting itself to its voluptuous and sensual desires, so the husband can exercise his authority without ceasing to be affable, complacent and affectionate to his wife.

XXXIII.

According to the words of the philosophers, bodies are composed of several classes ; some are formed of distinct and separate parts, as a fleet or an army ; others, of

parts closely united, as a house or ship; others in fine, of parts united from birth, growing and living together, and forming a single whole, as the bodies of animals. Marriage may be compared to these different kinds of union, for it is also of several forms. If the married love each other tenderly, they resemble the union of the several parts of the living body; if it is wealth or sensual pleasure which has determined it, it is analogous to the body whose parts only touch each other; but if without love for each other, the married are only united by a common settlement and common home, their union can be compared to these bodies whose parts are distinct, instead of the fusion of two existences; there is no more for them than the custom of living together. In true marriages, parents and friends and goods—all will become common, and that, with so much truth, that the conjugal union may be compared to the intimate blending together of liquid bodies. It was therefore with wisdom that the Roman laws opposed mutual gifts between husband and wife, not to hinder the one from participating in the goods of the other, but because they considered, and with reason, all things as being common between them.

XXXIV.

It was customary in the village of Leptis in Libya for the newly married wife, the day following the marriage,

to send to request a kettle of the husband's mother. She would refuse, and by this refusal the young woman understood, from the first day of her marriage, that the mother-in-law is always something of a step-mother, and that she should be neither surprised or troubled, if afterwards, she experienced serious misunderstandings. A young wife ought carefully to avoid furnishing any pretence for this sad disposition, which is no other than the jealousy of a mother for the friendship of her son, and let her strive to gain the heart of her husband, in avoiding to turn away, or diminish, in anything, the affection which he ought to bear his mother.

XXXV.

If mothers have less affection for their daughters than for their sons, it would appear to follow from a presentiment of the support that, one day, they may find in the latter; and fathers, in showing more tenderness to their daughters, seem to be led by the need, these have of their assistance. Perhaps, also, by reason of their reciprocal love, the one prefers what most resembles the other, in order to give each other, mutually, a new mark of affection. Whatever it may be, a young wife proves herself wise when she shows more inclination to honor the parents of her husband than her own, and in domestic troubles chooses them for her preferred confidants. She gains thus

their confidence in giving them hers, and their affection by her love.

XXXVI.

The captains of the army of Cyrus recommended to their soldiers, if the enemy came forward with great noise, to retire in silence; if, on the contrary, they presented themselves without noise, to rush upon them with shouts and terrific cries. A sensible woman will act in the same manner; when her husband is enraged, and storms and frets, she will keep silent; if, on the contrary, he hides his cares and pains, she will calm and console him by the sweetness and kindness of her words.

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XXXIX.

Hermione has said with reason: "In too frequent association with perverse women, I have found all my unhappiness." That is not so merely when disagreeable women are admitted into a house, but especially when they go there at the moment when some discord, or jealousy opens to them, with the doors also, their spirit and heart. It is then that a wise and honest woman will guard herself with care against much talk; for there is no doubt it would augment the evil as surely as oil animates fire. Let her have present to her memory, the response of Philip of Macedonia to his friends that were exciting him against the Greeks, who calumniated him

after having been loaded with his favors. "And what would their conduct have been," responded the Prince, "if I had done them evil?" When therefore these perfidious tongues shall say to her—"What! your husband has subjected you to affronts and injuries;—you whose love and virtue he knows so well?" "What would he have done to me," she would answer, "if, in outraging him, I had given him just grounds for complaint and dissatisfaction?"

XL.

As a master pursued one of his slaves, who had run away, the slave threw himself into a mill^o—"Wretch!" said the master, on meeting him, "I would have preferred to meet you anywhere else." A woman, who by jealousy is on the point of separating from her husband, and who is in affliction on account of it, ought also to say—"In what state would she, who renders me jealous, be more pleased to see me than abyssed in such a chagrin, and upon the point of abandoning my house, and the conjugal bed itself?"

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^o In Greece it is in usage to punish slaves by casting them into a mill, because it is the most painful kind of labor.

XLII.

As the thetoreician Georgias exhorted the Greeks, assembled at the Olympian games, to unity and concord — “Behold this well-spoken man,” cried Metrodorus,—“he counsels us to live in peace and amity with each other, while he cannot establish peace in his own house, where, however, there are but three persons,—himself, his wife, and servant.” Georgias loved this maid, it was said, and his wife was jealous of him. He who wishes to direct public affairs, or those of their friends, must set the example himself, and his words are vain and ridiculous if his life is not filled with honor and worthy of praise. Besides, it is to be remarked that the faults of women escape more easily the public observation than those committed against themselves.

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XLVI.

Plato exhorted old men to be reserved and full of honor before young people, in order that their example be a pattern for them to imitate. If old men, in effect, commit faults or fail in propriety, it is not possible that the young will show them so much deference or veneration. A husband ought always to have this lesson present in his mind. The respect of others is never

THE IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

more necessary than the regard of a wife ; and in the nuptial chamber, where too often is received lessons of debauchery, ought to be to a woman a school of honor and virtue.

XLVII.

You, Eurydice, who have read the wise counsels given by Timoxiene to Aristiba on the frivolities of the toilet, and of dress, should keep them always engraved in your memory. And you, Pollianus, should never expect your wife to cast away her love for luxury and vain ornaments if you do not detach yourself from them ; if all your happiness consists in the possessing of rich cups of gold, apartments ornamented with pictures, and horses covered with sumptuous harnesses. It would be an injustice, in truth, to interdict to wives, tastes, habits and pleasures, which they see their husbands abandoning themselves to every day. Seeing you are of an age already ripe for philosophy, embellish your manners, Pollianus, in practising her divine lessons. Find out those who possess her, and who are able, by their discourses, to aid you in your progress. There is nothing in effect more honorable for a husband than to teach his wife to say to him : "You are my preceptor and my master in philosophy and art." The first effect is to turn woman from all occupations unworthy of her. A

mother of a family, who applies herself to letters and science, will be ashamed of dancing; and those who find pleasure in reading the sublime writings of Plato and Xenophon, will never resort to the enchantments of sorcerers.

In this way, therefore, Eurydice, nourish in your soul the precepts of virtue which the greatest philosophers may have left you, that the lessons of wisdom you received from me, when you were a young girl, may be often upon your lips, so that you may become the delight of your husband, and be praised and esteemed by other women, when they find you possessed of treasures so rare and precious. You cannot afford to wear, it is true, either the pearls of these nor the silk robes of those, for you have not their money; but the ornaments of the Theanos, of the Cleobulines, of the Claudias, of the Cornelias, and all other celebrated women, are yours without price. Sappho, whose poetry had so many charms, could say with pride, — but with truth, — to a woman whose fortune was her only merit —

Death, in covering thee with its eternal shades,
Destroys forever both thy memory and thy name;
For thou hast never culled those immortal roses
That Helicon produced.

FINIS.

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